THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 26. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS.

Some History of Their Twenty-one Years' Career as a Military Body in This City.

How They Began as a Company and Are Rapidly Working Up to the Dignity of a Regiment.

Those who for years back have observed the Clan-na-Gael Guards, admired their physique and wondered at the smallness of their numbers, will be surprised to learn that the battalion is one of the oldest military organization in the city. Many of our Irish-American citizens will recall the evening in May, 1874, when Company A was organized and the energetic friend of Ireland, Daniel Gleason, was elected first Captain. Its popularity commenced with the muster in, and continued unabated when Captain W. P. Clingen was elected to succeed Daniel Gleason. In 1876 some who doubted the utility or practicability of an independent organization caused the linking of the Guard with the fortunes of the old Second Regiment, after the disbandment of which it was again reorganized in 1879. The reorganization took place in the School Hall in Father Waldron's parish and resulted in the selection of James Quinlan as captain and L. R. Buckley as first lieutenant. Early in 1880 business affairs compelled Capt. Quinlan to resign, and L. R. Buckley was chosen his successor. During the ten years which followed Capt. Buckley was the unanimous choice of the boys of yellow, white and green plumes, and each year the company made its appearance on the streets, a very small but splendidly drilled representation of the military spirit of Chicago's Irishmen.

With varying fortune the best of the company held together over ten years, and their fortitude and unselfish devotion to principle made them many friends, until in 1891 Company B was mustered in, commanded by Capt. P. J. Reid. The following year Companies C and D were added to the ranks, the former commanded by Capt. W. P. Doran, the latter by Capt. G. P. Coogley. The veteran Capt. Buckley, who for twenty years was ever at duty's post, was now major of a battalion of splendid soldiers. The ambition of the Guards' friends did not stop here. The determination became stronger than ever to organize a full regiment, and Company E was raised and equipped, Capt. John P. Casey being elected to command. This in brief is a sketch of the career of the Clan-na-Gael Guards. Excepting it won from the Irish Military clubs of America the handsome stand of colors offered as a prize, its story has been uneventful. It, however, has proved the tenacity of the race in keeping alive, unaided by outside help, its compact organization. It has, unaided by subscriptions from the wealthier people of the race, raised itself until within the near future the gallant major in command will see a regiment which will rival the fame of the old Sixty-ninth of New York. That officer may well be proud of his command, as there is no other independent military organization on the continent which can show two battalions of men of such soldierly bearing, and showing evidences of complete military training. From the old company of veterans now commanded by Capt. P. J. Healy to the latest recruits in the young guards of Company E, the most critical cannot fail to admire the deportment and dash of this body of young men, who have proved their devotion to the cause of the land they left and who have avowed their willingness to serve her in the field on every opportunity which may offer itself.

It is hoped that the coming picnic will realize sufficient funds to pay off present indebtedness, and to purchase rifles for the battalion. It must be remembered that in the twenty years of its existence there has been no effort made to provide funds for these earnest young Irishmen who patiently and faithfully stuck to their colors. Year after year their friends say calls were made upon the Irish people of Chicago for other purposes, and they felt chary of placing additional burden on an already suffering community. Yearly picnics and balls were the only source of income, with occasional assistance from sympathizing individuals. Having accomplished so much almost alone it is expected their approaching festival will show that the public appreciate such work by assisting in making the Fourth of July picnic a thorough success. There are many who marvel that with all our eloquent denunciation of the much berated British Lion, we do not, in our large continental cities, awake to the idea that the hypnotic gleam of thousands of rifles in disciplined hands may do more to subdue that martial beast, than all the anathemas of our orators. There is reason to believe that were funds forthcoming the five companies at present under arms would be increased to eight.

The men of the Guards make no pretence of intention to work—the result of their labor speaks for itself. The natural pride of the soldier boy prevents him from being a supplicant for help. Do not wait for him to stoop to such a position. It is said in any other city so fine a body of men would be more appreciated. It is hard to believe this, as they are confident that the Irish residents of Chicago have but to learn the necessities of the Guard to seize every opportunity to assist them. The picnic programme is a varied one, including addresses from gentlemen who have made their mark in the capital of our state and whose worth and popularity are household words. The athletic features of the day will be warmly contested for, while the music will be the best money can secure. It is not necessary to appeal to Chicago Irishmen. In the past they had but to be told money was required for a worthy object and they proffered their time and purses. The Clan-na-Gael Guards must be a regiment. To obtain that desirable end money is needed. A successful picnic on July Fourth at Oswald's Garden, Fifty-second and Halsted streets, can accomplish all that is required. Let the friends of all such good efforts rally to make the event one unequalled for numbers, enthusiasm and results.

ST. IGNATIUS' JUBILEE.

Twenty-five years ago St. Ignatius's college was founded by Rev. Arnold Damen and on Sunday and the two following days the silver jubilee of the great West side Jesuit college was celebrated.

The Jesuits were originally formed as a religious order, whose chief purpose was to be the instruction and guidance of youth. In Chicago that design has been most nobly carried out. They have a parish extending from West Polk to Maxwell street and from the river to Ashland avenue, a district densely populated. Though the vast changes of a quarter of a century St. Ignatius's college has guided, strengthened and given to the world thousands of Chicago's young men eager for the battle of life and armed against its multitudinous perils. It was in May, 1857, that Father Damen, a large-hearted, straightforward Belgian priest, arrived at what was then a primitive village surrounded by swamp and marshes. A small frame church was built and a parochial school opened. In 1858 the present fine church capable of holding 2,200 people took the place of the frame church and was a cause of intense wonder to the scanty population of the district. But Father Damen's wisdom and foresight were quickly apparent and the congregation increased with great rapidity. In 1870 an organ, the largest then in the West, was built by the contributions of pious Catholics throughout the country, solicited in sermon and lecture by the great preacher, Father Smarius, whose funeral dirge was almost the first music its notes told.

On Sunday the great St. Ignatius' college commemorated its silver jubilee at the Holy family church on West Twelfth street. The noble church, with its great pillars leading heavenward, was packed to the doors, and the crowd who filled the aisles to overflowing, was even eagerly seeking place on the entrance steps when the morning services commenced at 10:30. The noble altar, surmounted by the virgin and child in the beautiful altar piece, was rich in flowers and a great blaze of light from hundreds of candles when the pealing bells ceased, and to Randegger's "Praise Ye the Lord," the procession from the college entered the church. The altar boys, in their red, white, purple and blue soutanes, the red greatly predominating, were followed by the assisting priests, the celebrant of the mass and then under a canopy, supported by the Sons of Father Mathew in their rich uniform, the venerable bishop, Rt. Rev. Edward Joseph Dunne, D. D., who blessed the kneeling congregation as he passed up the center aisle. The solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated by Rev. Francis S. Henneberry. Rev. John J. Dennison was the deacon and Rev. Thomas W. Burke subdeacon. Rev. H. G. Van Pelt was master of ceremonies. All the priests assisting at the mass were former pupils of the college.

The musical portion was especially choice. Professor Leo Mutter was at the organ, Miss Lee Timmins, harp, and V. Macher, violin. The quartet of soloists, Miss Edna Crawford, Mrs. J. P. McGrath, W. Von Dahlen and J. P. McGrath, was supported by the chorus of eighty voices. The following programme was given:

"Praise Ye the Lord," Randegger; Kyrie and gloria, mass in E flat, Hummel; "Veni Creator"—Quartet, Saran; Credo—Messe Solonelle (St. Cecilia), Gounod; Offertory, "Ave Marie" (soprano), Bach-Gounod; harp, violin and organ accompaniment; Sanctus, benedictus and Agnus Dei—Messe Solomelle, Gounod; "O Salutaris," Faure; Hallelujah chorus, Handl.

At the conclusion of mass and after the pontifical blessing had been given, the president of the college, Rev. Geo. Hoeffer, announced the regrets of Archbishop Feehan and Archbishop Satolli, who were both unable to attend, owing to other engagements. Cardinal Gibbons was in Europe and, with the archbishops, sent his special blessing to the college and the congregation. The president also announced the receipt of a communication from Rome in which the special blessing of the holy father, Pope Leo XIII., was bestowed. A procession was then formed and to the strains of the Hallelujah chorus, assistants, priests and the bishops returned to the college in the same order as they had entered.

The sermon was preached by Rev. E. M. Dunne, D. D., of St. Columbkill's church.

A Good Appetite and refreshing sleep at this season indicate a condition of bodily health. These are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood and good health follows.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, harmless, effective, do not pain or gripe.

MIGHTY STRANGE,

The Opinions Put Forth by the "Irish Republic" of New York, in Regard to Irish Nationality.

According to It, the Irish Tory is More of an Irishman Than the Irish Parliamentarian.

The parliamentarians and the Irish separatists, or revolutionists, both claim the title of Irish Nationalists. Their ideas are not in accord, therefore one or the other must be wrong. A little examination into the question will soon show that the parliamentarians are illogical in calling themselves Nationalists, when strictly speaking they want to change the condition of their country from a national to a provincial status. Today, notwithstanding all her miseries and the discontent of her people, Ireland is a nation, acknowledged as such by every official document that emanates from the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish Tory, not illogically, claims that he stands on the same pedestal as the Scot, the Briton and the Saxon. He looks upon the London parliament, as the citizen of New York regards Washington. He shares in the legislation of the British Empire as an Irishman, and the emoluments and honors of the United Kingdom and its dependencies are open to him as a subject of one of the three kingdoms united under one crown and parliament. He is opposed to separation, and he is opposed to home rule. We won't waste time showing that his opposition to the sovereign independence of his country is unpatriotic, since nearly a hundred years of union between the Irish nation and Great Britain has proved a cruel disaster to the former, and was a national marriage as brutal as it was unlawful and fraudulent. But the Irish Tory can say he is an Irish Nationalist on far more logical grounds than can be set up by the parliamentarians. The Irish Tory says Ireland is the equal of England, that she has entered into a co-partnership with England; that she, as a nation, has formed a mutual compact with England, but that she is not a British province to be theoretically or practically ruled from Downing street as a British dependency, like Canada, the Australias and other colonies. The Irish Tory is an Irish Nationalist with perverted national ideas.

The Irish Parliamentarian argues that Ireland is a nation, that her union with England was a fraudulent act, void in law. Yet he goes into the British parliament, he takes part in every kind of British legislation, no matter how important or how petty, he brings forward bills for this and for that, and takes a most abominable oath of fealty to the queen and constitution as now existing. We could perhaps understand an Irish representative delegation going year after year to the bar of the house of commons, to protest against the usurpation of Ireland's sovereign rights, and then retiring. But they have bowed to the exigency of the hour, and forget that in participating in British legislation they were sacrificing the principle of their country's independence. The parliamentarians have solemnly sworn to oppose any plot or conspiracy, or any enemy from within or without, that would impair the queen's crown and dignity—therefore they are compelled by virtue of their oaths to resist any attempt to separate the Irish nation from England. But they are not content with their condition, and they tell the British parliament: "You cannot govern Ireland successfully, pass an act whereby we can go home to Dublin, and by virtue of that statute, legislate for our local needs as Canada does." If they truly represent Ireland then she says: "England, you and I are, and have been, sister nations, you have not treated me right, but I am weary of this strife; here is my national crown, I surrender it, give me a provincial livery and place me on the same level with Canada, Australia and your other provinces, I willingly put away my nationhood and embrace the humbler rank of a British province."

That is the parliamentarian argument in a nutshell, and we ask any reasonable man, how that man can be called a Nationalist who seeks to make Ireland a province like Canada, having all her rights and privileges founded on a British act of parliament, subject to the modifications that British politics might deem necessary? Better let Ireland remain a united kingdom than be reduced to the condition of a united province. The Irish Revolutionist agrees with the Irish Tory in his conception of Ireland's national dignity. Both agree that Ireland is a sovereign nation. The Irish Revolutionist thinks she would be happier and more prosperous playing a lone hand, the Irish Tory imagines she will be more prosperous by playing in partnership with England. Neither of them wants to see her reduced to the level of a province; that is the policy of the parliamentarian provincialists. To be an Irish Nationalist a man must be an Irish Tory with his mistaken or perverted ideas, or an Irish Separatist pledged to sever every tie that binds Ireland to England. Irishmen can make their choice between those who support a union between the Irish and British nations, and the men who are opposed to that union, and believe Ireland never can be prosperous until the nations of the earth salute the tri-color and an independent Irish republic. The parliamentarian is only a nondescript, neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. We are sick and tired of him, and he is as much entitled to the name of Irish Nationalist as the ass to the lion's skin or the jackdaw to the eagle's plumes.—*Irish Republic.*

IRISH-AMERICAN MILITARY UNION.

A special convention of the Irish-American Military Union was held in New York City on Sunday week, called for the purpose of adopting measures for the affiliation of all Irish-American military organizations with the union in view of probable exigencies in connection with the question of Ireland's independence, and also to consider the advisability of having an encampment next year for the assembling of the Irish-American troops from the various states. There were about 600 delegates present from various parts of the country. The convention was called to attention by Commander-in-Chief Kelly, after which the credentials of the delegates were examined. Many national and staff officers were present. The following were appointed a committee on resolutions: Col. Henry Boylan, Major C. O'Connor McLaughlin, Major George E. McQuaid, Col. James B. Murphy, and Capt. T. F. O'Rorke. The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The time has arrived when Irishmen must unite and prepare for a grand armed struggle for the independence of their country.

Resolved, That we, the delegates of the Irish-American Military Union, in convention assembled, hereby invite all Irish-American military organizations in the United States to affiliate with this union to the end that we may be in a position to take concerted action at all times and may establish such a brotherhood of affection as will in its strength be capable of effective work toward securing Ireland's independence. That we furthermore invite such organizations to appear with us in camp at Bridgeport, Conn., in the summer of 1896, when there will be opportunity for military evolutions on a grand scale.

It was also agreed that French, Polish and Hungarian military bodies in sympathy with the Irish movement be permitted to join the union. The following resolutions were adopted with loud applause:

Resolved, That we, the delegates of the Irish-American Military Union, in convention assembled, do hereby tender the gallant patriots of Cuba our heartiest wishes for the triumph of their cause.

Resolved, That in our opinion they deserve the sympathy and support of all liberty-loving people.

Resolved, That we call upon congress to take steps immediately upon its convening to extend to the Cubans recognition as beligerents.

The convention, which was held behind closed doors, then adjourned after five hours' deliberation.

THE LOST EMIGRANTS.

BY "BARNEY MAGLONE."

Down in the deep sad sea
That moaneth evermore,
Beneath the wave that pours its wail
Upon a foreign shore.

They lie—the young, the beautiful,
The hoping and the brave—
Far from the green churchyard at home,
In an unhallowed grave.

No mourning face bends over them,
No tears of love are shed,
Above the spot where heaves the deep
O'er the uncoffined dead.

Alas! the lost ones left with hope
That in the years to come,
Their steps returning, yet would tread
The dear old spot at home—

The shamrock'd slope, the daisied brae,
The mountain side and glen—
That they would make the old roof ring
With merriment again.

'Twas vain: no mother's kiss of love,
No father's trembling hand,
Shall welcome back the wanderer
To love and native land.

The home may be as homely still,
The fields be still as green,
But not till Christ returns to earth
Shall they again be seen.

Oh, misery! that such a land
Must send her sons abroad
To seek the life they cannot find
Upon their natal sod.

Our Father, God, reverse the doom
That forces us to roam,
To seek the life they cannot find
Upon their natal sod.

Our Father, God, reverse the doom
That forces us to roam,
And speed the day when Irishmen
Shall find a home at home!

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

IRISH LITERATURE.

Some New Books by Clever Authors —Their Works Now Sell Better Than the Average English Writers'.

A Concert in Aid of William Carleton's Daughters.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

This last spring has been an unusually busy one in Irish literary circles. There has been a decided boom in the works of Irish writers, and, what is better still, the boom is still on the increase. English publishers are taking up the various writers and find that their works sell as well as, if not a little better, than the average English writer's productions. We can easily find a reason for this in the more highly imaginative work and brighter wit of the Irish scribe. The style of the Englishman may be quite as well finished but it always lacks the peculiar dash of the Irishman. No well-posted reader can mistake the style of the latter. No matter where the Irishman may receive his education, though it be in the most ultra English college, there will always be an unmistakable and irremovable Celtic stamp on it.

Probably the greatest producer of Irish works among the publishers is Edmund Downey of 12 York street, Covent Garden, W. C., London. Besides a large number of his own works, he has published many novels by Richard Dowling, Sheridan Le Fanu, Standish O'Grady, K. Kennedy, F. M. Allen, and others. The first volume of a new series of reproductions of famous Irish novels has just been published by him. It is Lady Morgan's "O'Donnel." In making this work the initial volume of the series, Messrs. Downey & Co. have made an excellent choice. Of all the many works of Lady Morgan, "O'Donnell" may be considered to best. This merit alone may not be sufficient to recommend it to those who have not read the "Wild Irish Girl," or "Florence MacCarthy," but it possesses another attraction for Irish people who have a pride in their country's literature: it is one of the most national novels, without being a historical romance, that has ever been written by an Irish author.

Lady Morgan deserves more than a passing mention. It should be told of her that a little volume of twelve Irish melodies, arranged in an English version by her, with a historical preface and dedicated to her father, who was spoken of as being the best Irish scholar of his day and a celebrated Irish musician, was the work which furnished Moore with the idea of his famous Irish Melodies. This is stated on the authority of W. J. Fitzpatrick, whose biography of Lady Morgan is a work of unusual interest. "Miss Owenson," he says, "may be said to have been the original starter of that happy thought, for which Moore has almost always received the exclusive credit. But in the preface to the first edition of his "Melodies" he had too much honor not to avow that her patriotic genius had been employed on some of our finest airs." In connection with this little volume, it will be of interest to state that "Kate Kearney" was written by Lady Morgan, then Sydney Owenson, for the collection above mentioned.

The edition of Lady Morgan's "O'Donnel" is certainly the handsomest and best I have seen for the price at any time. It is carefully edited with a critical and biographical preface, and an appendix filled with a number of interesting and instructive notes. It is well bound in cloth, with a tastily designed cover, and the paper, ink and type are of the best. It is published at two shillings and sixpence sterling. It would not be out of place to suggest to Messrs. Downey & Co. to place at the end of the preface the name of the writer. The introduction written for "O'Donnel" certainly deserves such recognition.

Among the books announced for publication by this firm are also "The Evil Guest," "The Watcher, and Other Weird Tales," "Chronicles of Golden Friars," "The Cock and Anchor," all of which are by Sheridan le Fanu. "The Life of William Carleton," by D. J. O'Donoghue; "Peeps at English History," by the author of "Through Green Glasses;" "Shamus O'Brien and Other Poems," by Sheridan LeFanu, with an introduction written by the well known humorist and poet, Alfred Perceval Graves, and two works by Standish O'Grady, "Ulrick the Ready," and a new edition of "Hibernia Pacata," edited with an introduction and copious notes by Mr. O'Grady. A new edition of Richard Dowling's "London Town" is also in press.

THE NAME OF WILLIAM CARLETON

will no doubt suggest to the average American reader the author of "Farm Ballads," but to the Irishman of literary tastes it at once brings to mind, "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," and other works which have afforded so much amusement to more than three generations of our people. There is quite a lively interest in Carleton and his works in London at the present time. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the clever young biographer and journalist, recently discovered the two aged daughters of the novelist living in poverty in one of the suburbs of the great English metropolis. He at once started out to raise a fund for their relief, and wrote to the press in their behalf. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., at once took up the matter in his *Weekly Sun*, and the result of the little agitation is, that over one hundred pounds have been collected by him. A strong committee of members of the Irish Literary Society has been formed for the purpose of purchasing an annuity for the two old ladies. One pound a week will be sufficient for their wants and it is estimated that this will cost about £600. Subscriptions to this fund will be received by Alfred Perceval Graves, Irish Literary Society, No. 8 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W. C., or T. P. O'Connor, editor of the *Weekly Sun*, Tudor street, London, E.C. In connection with this latter fund the Irish Literary Society is arranging a grand concert of Irish music to be given on June 29, in London. Prof. C. Villiers Stanford, Plunkett Greene and many other noted people have tendered their services. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Joseph Barnby, Dr. Hubert Parry, Prof. Arthur O'Leary, Dr. J. Bridge, with many others of equal fame have taken an active interest in the matter, which promises to achieve extraordinary success.

As the ladies in question are very old and unable to carry on their precarious livelihood of needlework, it is hoped that something will be done for their declining years. Their father has given pleasure to many readers, and although some of his books are not worthy of him and deserve speedy oblivion, still he remains the greatest of all delineators of Irish life, and his best work is immortal. His "Fardorough, the Miser," is without exception the strongest Irish story that has ever been written; and while some of his "Traits and Stories" are miserable stuff, yet others of them are magnificent. There is a strong probability of a fine edition of his works being issued soon from the press of a large London publisher, and D. J. O'Donoghue's "Life's of Carleton" will be ready in the fall. It will be full of literary interest and will consist of two volumes, the first of which will contain the unfinished biography, which was found by Mr. O'Donoghue at the house of Carleton's daughters, where it had lain in a drawer for more than a quarter of a century. The second volume will be the continuation of his career, with numerous valuable letters by Carleton himself and others from Dickens, Gavan Duffy, Ferguson, Sheil, Meagher, Allingham, O'Hagan, Banim, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Wilde, Butt, Croker and many others. There will be portraits of Carleton, hitherto unpublished, and the whole thing will be brought out in excellent style by Messrs. Downey & Co. Any one possessing letters of Carleton, or reminiscences of him is requested to forward them immediately to Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the Irish Literary Society, No. 8 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W.C., who will return them promptly if originals, or will use copies if the latter are sent. All such assistance will be gratefully acknowledged.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE

has followed up his book in the New Irish Irish Library with a new volume entitled "The Three Sorrows of Story Telling." These are three Irish romances of ancient and uncertain date. The originals were written in prose, but interspersed with many pieces of verse after the manner of the old Irish saga. Dr. Hyde has taken the olden tales and retold them in English verse. The first poem in the book, "Deirdre," was written for the vice-chancellor's prize in Dublin University in 1887, which it won. The other two poems in this little volume were written about the same time and are fully equal in merit to the first. "Deirdre" is not wholly unknown on this side of the water, a translation by Dr. K. D. Joyce having appeared in the No-Name Library some years ago.

A short time ago Dr. Hyde published a collection of poems entitled "The Love Songs of Connaught." These were all translations from the Gaelic and were excellent in their way. The skill of the translator as a poet was not so apparent in this work, as he was hampered somewhat by the more important idea of giving the songs in their original metre. Irish metres are the most difficult in the world and their translation into English is almost an impossible task. Still, it was achieved by Dr. Hyde, and this being the primary motive of the work, the literary excellence of the language was not what might have been expected from this clever and learned writer. In this present volume, Dr. Hyde has more than redeemed himself. He seems to have been inspired. In his verse we almost hear the ancient Shanahie recounting these tales of the Fenian heroes. "Deirdre" is a poem of rare beauty and it is not wonderful that it gained the prize for which it was written. In addition to the cycle of Fenian poems, Dr. Hyde has given us in the work several ballads on St. Columkille, founded on the Latin of Adamnan or translated from the Irish. The difference between the epic wholeness of Pagan romance and the fragmentary nature of early Christian story, is obvious to every student of Irish literature, and the pieces in Dr. Hyde's book, despite their conventional English treatment, may be regarded as, in this respect at least, fairly typical.

There is a rather humorous incident connected with the publication of Dr. Hyde's latest work. On seeing it one is struck with its resemblance, in make-up, to the New Irish Library. This is explained by the author in the preface to the volume. In the absence of the publisher the book was sent in, and being mistaken for a volume of the New Irish Library was immediately sent to the press in that form. To students of Irish literature this book will be welcomed, as it gives a very excellent translation of all three of the famous "Sorrows of Story Telling." It is published at one shilling by T. Fisher Unwin, No. 1 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

SILVER IS IGNORED

By the National Convention of Republican Clubs.

STRUGGLE ON THE FLOOR AVERTED

By Agreement on a Declaration That Leaves Out the Disputed Issue and All Others—Resolutions on Public Questions Referred En Masse to the Republican National Convention Next Year—McAlpin Elected President.

CLEVELAND, June 21.—The national convention of Republican clubs had an eventful day. Its committee on resolutions consisted of fifteen silver and thirty-one anti-silver men. The sub-committee of eleven to draft resolutions to submit to the full committee had only two silver men—Dubois, of Idaho, and Allen, of Utah. After this sub-committee had worked all night on an "Address to the People," with the word "resolved" omitted therein, a committee of three on revision was selected, and the silver men claim that they were not represented at all on the revision committee. The sub-committee adopted the report of the committee on revision, and the full committee met at 2 p. m. to consider the "Address to the People" that had taken two days and one night for its preparation.

Ignored the Question of Silver.

The feature of the "address" was that it covered every question except that of silver, which was entirely ignored. This was done to prevent a minority report on the silver question and a fight on the floor of the convention. When the full committee considered the address the anti-silver men opposed it. They said there had been more agitation here all week on the silver question than on all other things combined, and for the report to be silent only on that question would be cowardly and inconsistent. The silver men were satisfied with the address and had agreed to make no minority report and not to open the question on the floor of the convention in the event the address was adopted. Their opponents, however, held that it was enough to concede everything to the west for the sake of harmony without "rubbing it in."

New Departure in Declarations.

Some of the most ultra opponents of free silver in the committee insisted that if the silver question was ignored entirely, all other questions should be ignored. This plan pleased the western silverites better than "the address to the people." After indulging in the most bitter speeches for hours in the consideration of the address a new depature was taken by Senator Patton, of Michigan, offering the following as a substitute for the report of the sub-committee:

"Whereas, Section 13 of the constitution of the Republican League of the United States, says: 'This League shall not in any manner endeavor to influence the action of any national, state, county or municipal convention,' the delegates of the Republican League of the United States in convention assembled do hereby renew their allegiance to the principles of the Republican party and pledge their best efforts for the success of the candidates of that party.

Refers 'Em to the National Convention.

"'Believing that the convention has no instructions from the Republicans of the United States, or jurisdiction under our constitution, to frame party platforms, we hereby refer all resolutions in relation to public questions to the Republican national convention of 1896, with entire confidence that its action will redound to the prosperity of our people and the continued glory and advancement of the country.'"

It was argued against the Patton substitute that the National League at its last convention at Denver and the previous year at Louisville, and at other national conventions, had adopted recommendatory resolutions without the constitutional inhibition ever being raised, and that the adoption of the substitute would be accepted as a confession of this convention's inability to meet the issues squarely.

The New Plan Wins the Fight.

Although the arguments poured in hot and fast, and Chairman Robinson, of Pennsylvania, left the chair to oppose it, yet the plan of ignoring everything if the silver question was ignored gained such headway that the Patton substitute was adopted at 6:30 p. m. without a dissenting vote. As the "Address to the People" that was ruled out by the adoption of the Patton substitute reaffirmed the resolutions of previous National League conventions there was much discussion of the resolution adopted at Denver last year, which demanded the restoration of silver.

ROUTINE OF THE CONVENTION.

No Opposition to Gen. McAlpin for President of the League.

As to the routine of the convention the most interesting feature thereof was the election of president. In the morning the time was taken up principally with a speech by Warner Miller, of New York, and at its close recess was taken. When the afternoon session opened there was an hour of music by the band, and then the chairman read letters of regret from Senator Allison, J. S. Clarkson, Senators Lodge and Wolcott, Chauncey M. Depew, "Tom" Reed, Governor McKinley, and others. After that the states were called for resolutions to be read and referred without debate.

It was thought that most of the pockets had been emptied during the morning session, but the call brought out resolutions by the score on every conceivable issue or topic. Those on the financial question were for the most part duplicates of those offered earlier in the day and referred by the bushel to the committee's waste-basket. Some sarcastic resolutions were offered on the silver question, one calling for 50 cents worth of silver bullion to be made a legal tender dollar. Resolutions were offered asking the national committee to hold the next Republican national convention at Buffalo, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Charleston, (S. C.) Cleveland and other places, all being yelled down before the reading could be completed.

Committees reported on league work and the committee recommendation of Milwaukee for the next place of meeting was adopted. Then the election of officers came up. General E. A. McAlpin, of New York, was nominated and the first seconder was from Illinois. Next everybody seconded the nomination. In fact there was no competition and McAlpin was elected by acclamation. Three men were named for secretary—John F. Byrnes, of Colorado; William Grant Eden, of Illinois, and L. E. Walker, of Nebraska. Just at this point General McAlpin entered the hall and in a brief speech thanked the convention for the honor conferred.

CLEVELAND, June 22.—The eighth national convention of Republican clubs has closed.

There was little business to attend to when the convention met in its last session. The resolutions committee's report was yet to be acted on and it took no time to do that work. The report was brief and it was adopted with a rush and applause, although there were many nay votes. The ballot on secretary resulted in the election of M. J. Dowling, of Minnesota, the election being made unanimous before the vote was announced. At 1:10 p. m. all the business was done, the usual resolutions of thanks to retiring officers adopted and the convention adjourned sine die.

PROHIBITIONISTS IN IOWA

Nominate a State Ticket and Declare for Free Silver.

DES MOINES, June 20.—The Prohibition state convention met in the Young Men's Christian Association hall. The convention was notable for the presence of a number of lady delegates who came in response to an invitation in the call for Women's Christian Temperance Unions and also all other organizations in sympathy with prohibition to send delegates. The convention roasted the Republican party for the passage of the mulct law.

The following nominations were made: For governor, Frank Bacon, Milton Junction; lieutenant governor, M. P. Atwood, Estherville; supreme court judge, Judge J. W. Rogers, West Union; superintendent of public instruction, Mrs. L. D. Carhart, Marion; railroad commissioner, H. F. Johns, Harrison county.

The resolutions declare for woman suffrage; for the free coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1; government ownership and operation for the railways; for Sunday observance, and for the income tax. They denounce the mulct law and the Republican party as the author of said law.

Mixed Ticket Carries a Florida City.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., June 20.—In the city election the citizens mixed ticket of Democrats and Republicans was overwhelmingly victorious. The independent Democrats elected only one councilman, and that one because some of his opponents' votes were improperly marked and had to be thrown out.

BOLLN'S POSITION IMPROVING.

His Shortage Decreasing as Time Passes and Overdrafts Are Returned.

OMAHA, June 24.—The investigation into City Treasurer Bolln's shortage has not been made public, though a week has passed since it was discovered that he was $20,000 short. Bolln has not been dismissed from his office or in any way disturbed. He has secured his bondsmen for whatever amount they may be required to make up by deeding them all his Omaha property. One result of the prolonged investigation will be a decrease in the shortage of several thousand dollars. The city employes who had been advanced money by Bolln have been hustling to square their accounts.

One member of the city council had drawn $1,125, which would be equal to his pay for twenty-two months, or for sixteen months after his term of office had expired. He paid $1,000 of this amount the day after the shortage was discovered and has paid the balance since. Other city officials had drawn amounts ranging from $10 to $500, which have also been repaid.

Accident on Whaleback.

CHICAGO, June 24.—By the explosion of a steam valve on the whaleback steamer Christopher Columbus off Waukegan Saturday night two men were killed and several others dangerously or painfully injured. The dead are: Frank Wilson, coal passer; E. J. Steit, fireman. Injured: Edward Darrow, painfully scalded; John Hopp, seriously scalded, inhaled steam; George W. Keil, hands and face scalded; John W. Keogh, hands and face scalded; Arnold Klein, Dubuque, Ia., badly scalded, accompanied by a student, also painfully scalded; Robert McConkey, back terribly scalded; Miss Miller, hands and face scalded; Frank Roesar, badly scalded; James E. Ryan, badly scalded; Miss Voxheimer, face painfully scalded; Jas. Lorimer, seriously scalded.

Whistling Law Unconstitutional.

OMAHA, June 24.—The supreme court of Nebraska has rendered a decision of great interest to railroads. There is a law on the statute books of the state compelling engineers to whistle at every public highway crossing and on failure to do so the railroad company is subject to a fine of $50, of which half goes to the informer. As a consequence there are many informants, particularly farmers, who make it a business to catch the engineer. A man lets it go until he has a number of cases and then goes to court. The law has cost the Nebraska railroads several small fortunes, and every suit hitherto has resulted in favor of the plaintiffs and against the railroads. The supreme court has decided the law unconstitutional.

Hawaii and Annexation.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Consul General Mills at Honolulu has sent to the state department a report of the labor commission on the coffee industry in Hawaii. The commission says that there is now labor enough to supply the coffee plantations, but that the supply may fail at any time and the coffee industry be seriously crippled. The report is in substance a plea for annexation.

American Whist League.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 21.—The American Whist league elected the following officers: President, Theodore Schwarz, Chicago; vice president, W. H. Barney, Providence, R. I.; recording secretary, B. B. Kribbe, St. Louis; corresponding secretary, R. H. Weems, Brooklyn, N. Y.; treasurer, R. L. Richards, Rock Rapids, Ia. The revised by-laws providing for auxilliary associations on state lines were adopted.

Bank Robbed of $30,000.

ST. PAUL, June 23.—A Tower, Minn., special to The Pioneer Press says: The bank at Rainy Lake City was robbed by two masked men. One engaged Cashier Butters' attention while the other made up behind him and hit him on the head, stunning him. About $6,000 was secured and there is no clue to the robbers.

LATER.—A special says the robbers got $30,000.

Ten Persons Drowned in Italy.

NOVARA, June 24.—A boat was upset in a squall on Lake Maggiore and ten persons drowned.

LIBERALS HAVE QUIT.

Prime Minister Rosebery Drops a Great Burden.

LONDON, June 24.—It is now announced that the outcome of the deliberations of the cabinet in consequence of the adverse vote in the house of commons on Friday is that Lord Rosebery, the prime minister, has tendered his resignation to the queen. Her majesty has therefore summoned Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative party, to Windsor in connection with the formation of a Conservative ministry. The leading Conservatives declare that the Marquis of Salisbury will not formally take office until parliament is dissolved. He will insist that the government, before yielding the seats, shall pass a vote of an amount necessary for the expenditures for two months, to enable a general election to be held.

The Conservatives will thus be in a position of attack instead of defense. Throughout the day the situation was the absorbing topic of the chief political clubs. Several members of the cabinet called in Downing street in the afternoon in the expectation of seeing Lord Rosebery, who returned from Windsor at 6 o'clock and drove to Downing street, where an informal cabinet meeting lasting twenty-five minutes immediately followed. It is understood that the Marquis of Salisbury only agrees to form a cabinet on condition that parliament is dissolved. Nothing is known regarding the personnel of the new ministry, but complete harmony exists between the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives.

Undoubtedly Salisbury is right, from a political point of view, at any rate, in insisting on a dissolution. Still the move was a shrewd one on Rosebery's part. For if the Conservatives declined to take office Rosebery would stay and be in a stronger position than before—he had been defeated, offered the opposition control of the government, they declined; therefore they confessed that he had the real majority as representing the effective lower house. If a Conservative leader accepted there is no real doubt that he would find a majority, even if small, against him. He could not dissolve parliament until the supplies had been voted, and a Liberal majority could prolong the situation for months.

The Irish members are extremely uneasy and dissatisfied. They state that after acting for three years as the strongest arm of the government they are deeply concerned at the sudden end of the government without passing any of the principal Irish measures. Not only has home rule not progressed but measures concerning the Christian Brothers, the county council bill (which reached a second reading), the grand jury bill, and the proposal to extend the power of guardians regarding laborers' cottages are all lost. The only Irish measure now likely to be passed is Healy's municipal franchise bill, which has gone to the house of lords. The Liberal Scotch members are also sore, their expectations having been disappointed.

Lord Salisbury did not receive his summons until too late to go to Windsor last night. He went early this morning. The effect of the cabinet's decision is more marked upon the whips and officials than upon the cabinet ministers. Lord Rosebery, on his return to town, looked decidedly sprightly, and Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt were in a jocular mood.

LONDON, June 25.—The various Conservative agents throughout the country have received official notice to prepare for an immediate dissolution of parliament. Lord Salisbury has accepted the premiership and is organizing a new ministry. There exists some doubt, however, as to whether the conditions he attaches to his acceptance of the task will be consented to by the out-going Liberal ministry. It is said that he will demand that there be no opposition to voting the necessary estimates before the proposed dissolution of parliament and that none of the members of the cabinet chosen by him shall be opposed for re-election at the coming election. Gladstone was in consultation with Lord Rosebery and other leaders of the Liberals until a late hour last night, but nothing has been given out as to their decisions on these questions.

Gossip continues busy as to the make-up of the coming cabinet and the best opinion seems to be that the duke of Devonshire will be given the place of foreign secretary with Balfour as first lord of the treasury. Chamberlain is talked of as secretary of state for war, and Curzon, who married Miss Leiter the American heiress, is spoken of as secretary for India. The Liberal Unionists and Conservatives are in perfect accord. It is expected that immediately upon the passage of the seal fisheries bill for the regulation of sealing in the Behring sea there will be an adjournment of parliament for several days and it is possible that the new ministry will not be announced until the end of that time.

Columbia Wins the Boat Race.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 25.—The Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania boat race came off at the second attempt and was won by the Columbia, which finished five lengths ahead of Cornell, while three-quarters of a mile astern the Pennsylvania crew was being rescued by a tug, the shell having sunk. The time was 21:20. Columbia led from the start. The tide was with the boats, but the wind against them.

Chicago Base Ballists Arrested.

CHICAGO, June 24.—The members of the Chicago base ball club were all arrested during the game with the Cleveland club, the charge being disturbance of the peace on Sunday. They were bailed on the ground in $100 each to appear July 2, and proceeded with the game.

Hope for Representative Remann.

VANDALIA, Ills., June 22.—Congressman Remann's condition has improved. He is able to converse a little and now takes nourishment regularly. While his condition is still precarious Dr. Hughes, of St. Louis, and Dr. Haller, of Vandalia, have not given up hope.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Rev. HIPPOLITE GORSKI, prominent Polish Catholic priest, at Milwaukee.

SAMUEL PARKER, aged resident of Lincoln, Ills.

ORRIN PIERCE, first settler of Ainsworth, Ind.

CHARLES P. LIBBY, well known packer, at Chicago.

Mrs. JULIA A. STONE, widow of a prominent minister, at Bloomington, Ills.

JAMES HOOK, prominent Odd Fellow and ex-mayor of Terre Haute, Ind.

L. W. PRETTYMAN, prominent G. A. R. man, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, June 25.—As to the length of the special session of the Illinois legislature it is generally conceded that sine die adjournment will not be taken till the leaves begin to fall and apples are ripe. Altgeld's message to the extra session will be short, not over 2,000 to 3,000 words, but friends of the governor who have advised with him regarding it say it will be caustic and pointed.

Governor Altgeld has given out three veto messages. One kills the Lowenthal gas bill, another the bill providing for the formation of a board for the examination of horseshoers, and the third kills the bill relating to fire escapes. About a dozen bills were sent to the secretary of state by the governor. Most of them had the governor's signature of approval. A few will become laws without the executive name. The bill to limit the pay of members of the general assembly to $1,000 for each regular session and $5 a day for special sessions, and the bill closing barber shops on Sunday both become laws without the approval of the governor. The bill to enable railway companies to purchase lines of other companies not parallel was signed by the governor.

BURN GOV. ALTGELD IN EFFIGY.

Students at Normal Object to Action of the Executive.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 20.—The bell of the Illinois State Normal university at Normal began ringing violently, and a mob of students and citizens assembled, the students wearing black robes and masks, blowing horns, and all denouncing Governor Altgeld, who is blamed for the order of the board of education abolishing the high school department of the Normal university.

The mob proceeded to the campus, where was found an effigy of the governor, and proceeded to hold a mock execution. The effigy was burned amid groans and cheers. The mob next proceeded to an open grave, and there after a funeral oration by a masked orator interred a coffin supposed to contain the "Model high school, aged 23, which reached an untimely end through Altgeld."

Close of the Galesburg Meet.

GALESBURG, Ills., June 22.—Events of the annual meet of the Illinois division of the League of American Wheelmen have closed. Racing was good and crowd large. The meet has been a financial success. The most interesting event was the five mile race, class A, with forty starters, comprising the best talent here. It was a hot performance from start to finish and was won by Bert Repine, of Galesburg. Those winning the most prizes during the tournament were: F. Wing, St. Louis; A. Gardiner, Chicago; A. A. McLain, Aurora, and Bert Repine.

Altgeld Signs Fifty Bills.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 22.—Fifty bills were signed by the governor yesterday. One greatly interesting cities was senate bill 276, which, it is said, practically puts a stop to local improvements in the towns and cities of the state. It prohibits a tax on any property in excess of the benefit the property will receive from the improvement. The governor has written a letter replying to critics of the bill.

Illinois Building Associations.

ROCKFORD, June 22. — The Building Association League of Illinois closed its annual convention here with the election of officers: President, George F. Penfield, of Rockford; first vice, Julius Stern, of Chicago; secretary, B. G. Vasen, of Quincy; treasurer, Albert Barnes, of Decatur. Peoria was selected as the place of the next meeting.

Paupers Combine for Murder.

QUINCY, Ills., June 24.—John Gahan, an old well-known character, who had been taken to the county house, was pushed from a second story window by inmates and his neck broken. He was dirty, disagreeable and quarrelsome, and the jewellers at the poor farm combined against him. The identity of his assailants will never be known.

Anthrax Kills Five in a Family.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 25.—Near Arensville, Morgan county, the family of Gustave Kuaz contracted anthrax from eating diseased meat. The mother and four children are dead. The father and remaining child were taken to the Morgan county poor farm and are convalescent.

Will of the Late Gen. Gresham.

CHICAGO, June 25.—The will of General Walter Q. Gresham, late secretary of state, has been admitted to probate. The will is written by Judge Gresham and bequeaths to his wife all his estate. He was worth at the time of his death $51,000.

Six Persons Drowned at Peoria.

PEORIA, Ills., June 24. — Harvey H. Noble and Fred Joyslin, with five small children, were drowned while returning from a fishing trip across the river. Noble and Joyslin became scared and jumped, capsizing the boat.

Well-Known Illinoisan Dead.

SPRINGFIELD, June 25.—Judge Alex McCaskill died at his home in Taylorville yesterday, aged 62. He was known throughout the state, having stumped for the Democratic party in all national campaigns.

Notes of the State.

Henry J. Aldrich, formerly of Bloomington, Ills., is reported missing from Denver. He was the manager and the "whole thing" of the Colorado Securities company, and, it is said, has left eastern creditors in the lurch for millions.

Lucas Stendt, a butcher in Lockport Ills., has disappeared, and it is thought to be another case of murder, which makes two this week, both butchers.

Natural gas been struck at Heyworth, near Bloomington, Ills.

Fire at Lincoln, Ills. destroyed the H. T. Clarke drug house, causing a loss of $150,000.

Many People Perish.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 24.—Over a hundred houses have been destroyed by fire at Vishnee-Volotchok, seventy miles from Tver, on the Zna. Many of the inhabitants perished.

DANA DOESN'T HAVE TO GO.

Cannot Be Taken to Washington To Be Tried for the Noyes Libel.

NEW YORK, June 25.—Without passing on the question whether Charles A. Dana did or did not libel Noyes, the Washington newspaper man, Judge Brown yesterday refused a writ of removal of Dana to Washington to be tried for the libel. Neither did the judge consider the validity of the indictment found by the Washington court. The refusal of the writ of removal is based upon the technical grounds, as stated by the judge: ("1), Because of the insufficiency of this indictment as a basis for removal proceedings under the practice required by section 1,014; and (2), because the offense charged, resting wholly on the common law of Maryland, continued in force there by the acts of congress, does not belong to the class of 'offenses against the United States' contemplated by section 33 of the judiciary act, or by section 1,014 of the revised statutes upon which this application is based."

Iowa Sunday School Association.

IDA GROVE, Ia., June 24.—The thirtieth annual session of the Iowa State Sabbath School association closed a three days' session here. In the great parade 1,613 Ida county Sunday school children were in line. About 3,500 visitors are in the city, and 5,500 persons witnessed the parade. Forty-eight counties were represented in the convention and 1,180 enrolled sessions were held in the various churches, all of which were crowded to overgowing. Many eminent church and school workers and educators in the state were present.

The Bible Gets Into Peru.

NEW YORK, June 25.—After a fight of eighteen months the customs officers at Callao, Peru, have admitted cases containing Bibles shipped there by the American Bible society, of this city. Rev. E. W. Gilman, secretary of the society, says the Roman Catholic party in Peru opposed the admission of the books, claiming that they were of immoral tendency.

Murder at Chicago Car Barns.

CHICAGO, June 24.—Four bullets fired by a masked robber ended the career of Carey B. Birch, cash receiver for the West Chicago Street Railway company at the Armitage avenue car barns of the Milwaukee avenue line. In an open safe, before which the unfortunate man fell, lay $4,000. Seizing a handful of the money the murderer fled and has not been captured.

Thrown from Her Wheel.

CINCINNATI, June 24.—Miss Ada Florence Fitch of Lawrenceburg, Ind., who graduated from the Cincinnati Law school a month ago, was thrown from a bicycle in this city by colliding with a heavy wagon. The hind wheel passed over her body, inflicting injuries that are supposed to be fatal.

Notorious Counterfeiter Arrested.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 21.—Deputy United States Marshal Medley captured T. P. Stratton, a notorious counterfeiter, who had eluded the officers for a year and who has been chased over half a dozen states. His capture is an important one.

Suicide of an Iowa Newspaper Man.

MT. PLEASANT, June 23.—C. L. Morehouse, one of the oldest newspaper men in the state, suicided. His head was nearly severed by a razor. Cause, unbalanced mind owing to recent sickness.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 24.

Money on call nominally 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@3¾ per cent. Sterling exchange strong, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488½@489¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487@488¾, and 490@490½; commercial bills, 487¾.

Silver certificates 63¼@67; no sales; bar silver, 63¼. Mexican dollars 53.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 123¼; do. coupons, 123¼; 5's reg., 110¾; 5 coupons, 110¾; 4's reg., 113; 4's coupons, 113¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 24.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 70c, closed 69¾c; July, opened 71¾c, closed 70¾c; September, opened 72¼c, closed 72½c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 47½c; July, opened 48¼c, closed 48c; September, opened 49¾c, closed 49½c. Oats—June, opened 26¼c, closed 26½c; July, opened 27½c, closed 27½c; September, opened 23¾c, closed 23¾c. Pork—June, nominal, closed $11.85½; July, opened $11 80, closed, $11.87½. Lard—June nominal, closed $6.67½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 17½c per lb; extra dairy, 14½@15c; packing stock, 9@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 10½c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 14@18c per lb.; hens, 9c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 6@8c; ducks, 8@9½c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, 75@$1.00 per bu.; old, 15@20c. Strawberries—Racine, $1.25 @ 2.00 per 16-qt. case. Blackberries, Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per 24-qt. case. Apples—$2.50@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@15c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 6@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 24.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 22,000; sales ranged at $3.60@4.35 pigs, $4.30@4.65 light, $4.45@4.65 rough packing, $4.45@4.75 mixed, and $4.45@4.65 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,500; quotations ranged at $4.50@5.85 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@4.50 good to choice do., $3.40@3.90 fair to good, $2.75@3.35 common to medium do, $3.50@4.50 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.15 stockers, $3.25@4.10 feeders, $1.70@3.80 cows, $3.00@4.40 heifers, $2.25@3.60 bulls, $3.60@4.80 Texas steers, $3.50@5.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 14,000; sales ranged at $3.50@4.35 westerns, $1.50@3.00 Texans, $1.75@4.10 natives, and $3.50@5.65 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, June 24.

Cattle—Receipts, 200 cars; slow owing to the liberal demand and a moderate attendance of buyers. Hogs—Receipts, 110 cars; good medium, $4.50@4.65; good to choice heavy, $4.65@4.80; common to good heavy ends, $4.15@4.50; roughs, $3.75@4.00; pigs, $4.35@4.60. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 50 cars; clipped sheep, export ewes and wethers, $3.75@4.00; good to prime handy wethers, $3.25@3.50; spring lambs, common to choice, $3.50@5.00.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, June 24.

Wheat—Cash, 72½c asked; June, 72½c nominal; July, 70¾@71c; August, 69½c nominal; September, 70¾@70½c bid. Corn—Cash, 42½c; June, 42½c nominal; July, 43½c asked; September, 44½c. Oats—Cash 26c bid; June, 27c nominal; July, 25c bid; September, 24½c.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, June 24.

Wheat—Cash and June, 72½c asked; July, 72½c; August, 73c. Corn—Cash, 42c. Oats—July, 27½c; September, 25.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 19.

The rolling mills of John Wood & Bros., of Conshohocken, Pa., have given notice to their employes of the restoration of the former scale of wages, to take effect July 1. This means an increase of 12 per cent. for 1,000 men.

Burt L. Hastings, of Sandusky, O., shot and killed Lizzie Stoldt and then fatally shot himself. He wanted her to marry him, but she would not consent, and was to have been married the same evening to James C. McGary.

The theft of a $10,000 package while in the custody of the postoffice has just come to light at Montgomery, Ala.

Mrs. Frederick Bistoff, of LaPorte, Ind., was fatally burned. A lighted match had been thrown on the floor, and from it fire communicated to her clothing.

Receivers of the United States Cordage company give notice to the creditors of the company to present and prove to them their several claims and demands against the company within three months or they will be excluded from the benefit of such dividends as may hereafter be declared.

Forest fires are raging near Dartmouth, N. S. Several farm houses and barns have been destroyed.

Thursday, June 20.

Gladstone has practically withdrawn his support from Lord Rosebery's cabinet by retiring from the pairing agreement with Right Honorable Charles P. Villers, M. P., because he wishes to be "regarded as having an open mind on the Welsh church disestablishment bill.

Miss May Belle Critchfield, a St. Louis young heiress who mysteriously disappeared a few days ago, was found in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, whither she had gone voluntarily and intends, she says, to stay.

Ex-Congressman Richard Bland, of Missouri, is ill at the Brown Palace hotel, Denver. His lecturing tour has weakened him and he is unable to see callers. Bland's physician thinks he will be able to travel in a few days.

In January, February and March, 1894, the total British exports of tinplate was 80,881 tons, valued at £1,009,829, of which 48,616 tons were exported to the United States. During the same period in 1895 the total export was 93,672 tons, valued at £1,074,655, of which 63,570 tons were sent to the United States.

Friday, June 21.

John Graham may die of injuries received in the wreck of the northbound flyer on the M., K. and T. near Houston, Tex. Four others were hurt more or less seriously, but none fatally.

T. B. Huston, a cyclist of Omaha, accidentally ran over a little boy of an Italian family. The child was not seriously injured, but a howling mob of Italians rushed upon the wheelman and beat him with sticks and clubs, shouting "Kill him" and making other threats.

Deposits of Illinois state banks show an increase since March 20 last of $6,000,000. The average cash reserve is 32 per cent.

Obituary: At LaPorte, Ind., Dexter A. Buck, 59; at Princeton, Ills., Thomas Long, 70.

Lieutenant F. S. Strong, Fourth artillery, at his own request has been relieved from further duty at the Michigan military academy, Orchard Lake, and ordered to join his battery.

Saturday, June 22.

All of the men in the sanitary potteries at Wheeling, W. Va., were given an advance in wages of from 10 to 40 per cent., according to the size of the article made.

Gladstone says the statements regarding his attitude toward the Rosebery cabinet and the Welsh disestablishment bill are untrue and declares that the government had canceled his pair without his request.

Two children, boys of 10 and 6 years of age, are locked up at Chicago for horse stealing and each is laying it on the other.

Captain Howgate has been found guilty by a jury at Washington of forgery and other similar crimes, committed while he held a responsible position in the signal service many years ago. The jury added a recommendation to mercy.

Ex-Congressman Forman, from Illinois, says that the delegation from that state to the next national Democratic convention will be for Morrison for president.

Monday, June 24.

Representative Hitt has been taken from Washington to Narragansett Pier, R. I., where he arrived in good condition and still improving.

The papal fiat that men cannot belong to the Roman Catholic church and secret societies not dominated by that church at the same time has been promulgated by Archbishop Kain at St. Louis.

A gang has been unearthed at New York, which embraces fire insurance men, policemen and higher officials, and makes a business of incendiarism.

The Chicago grand jury has indicted several bookmakers, proprietors of race tracks and gamblers for violating the state law.

Martin Skinner and Arthur Barney were killed near Byron Center, Mich., by the explosion of a sawmill boiler. Avery Crocker, son of the owner of the mill, was fatally wounded.

The settlement of the tinplate scale at Pittsburg Saturday morning fixed the wages of 12,000 workmen.

In a twenty-four hour bicycle race in England C. C. Fantaine made 474¾ miles, beating the amateur record fourteen miles.

Excelled by None

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly 'excelled by none.'" C. F. KING, Verona, N. J. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get HOOD'S **Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Once all things on earth
Were for pleasure and mirth.
Each morn I awoke to new joy,
I loved all God gave
And had nothing to crave,
In those days when I was a boy.

For in those sweet days
I knew naught of the craze
That money has made in my brain.
I loved the things pure
That will always endure
And cared not for losses or gain.

The song of the bees,
Of the birds in the trees,
Of the brook that murmured in glee,
All entered my heart
And were there made a part
Of the anthems that life sang to me

By measure of time
I am now in my prime,
With cares of life's hurry and strife,
And I know that the joy
That I felt when a boy
Will never more enter my life.

When time bids me go
From the world here below
To the land of eternity's joys,
I hope God above
In his infinite love
Will make me just one of his boys.
—Buffalo Express.

A DIVORCE SUIT.

Little Dick stopped short, executed a sort of pigeon wing, snorted, humped his back a little as though about to buck, then he stood still, puffing nervously, and with head high in air and his tawny ears cocked forward indicated "danger" as plainly as a well trained bird dog shows the near presence of game in the covert.

A sharp thrill shot through Boston's frame as for a fleeting second he thought "Indians!" But very brief reflection told him that under present circumstances—the reds having been very recently thrashed and sent back to their reservation as children spanked and sent to bed—was impossible, yet he pulled his winchester from its scabbard with some celerity, and his voice was not quite clear as he asked:

"What is it, Dick?"

The cayuse snorted again and trembled slightly, and then his rider saw what alarmed him. A big black bear was just coming from behind a sharp turn in the canyon, at a place known as "the Elbow," some 50 yards from where Dick had halted. He was not such a very big bear, comparatively speaking, but there are circumstances under which even a small bear assumes alarming proportions, and this one, appearing suddenly as he did, seemed about as big as an ox. He was about as much surprised, however, as Boston was, so much so that in his astonishment he forgot all discretion, and rearing up on his hind feet ambled toward the horseman, with the obvious intention of hugging him.

Boston was a bit "rattled," for he had never before encountered a bear alone, but his nerve did not desert him. "Steady, Dicky boy, steady!" he said gently as he sprang from the saddle and rested his rifle across its pommel. In a trice he had bruin covered where he wanted him, just under the left shoulder, and then he began pumping lead. At the first shot the bear saw his error and came down on all fours for the sake of speed, but he was too late. Boston had his range, and at the third shot Mr. Bear fell into the road in a heap and began kicking the dust and biting himself in his death struggle.

Presently, as his slayer leaned over him and congratulated himself on his marksmanship, there came a fresh surprise that caused Boston to whirl on his heel and stand panting, peering all about to see whence had come that trembling, unmistakably feminine voice in the query:

"Oh, sir, are you sure he's quite dead?"

Boston rubbed his eyes and looked again. There she was, the owner of the voice, standing with clasped hands on the highest point of "the Elbow" and looking down at him appealingly.

"Tenderfoot. Pretty, too, by Jove!" thought Boston. But he said very sharply, for he did not like sudden shocks:

"What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Are you sure he's quite dead?" the fair tenderfoot responded irrelevantly.

"To be sure he is," was the short reply as the bear slayer gave his fallen foe a vicious kick.

The stranger disappeared, coming again into view just where bruin had first shown himself to Boston's startled eyes. The latter had somewhat recovered himself and repented his seeming rudeness, and as he advanced to meet her, his handsome head uncovered, the lady could not help noting what a romantic appearance he had.

"I—I'm so glad you came," she faltered as he came up to where she had stopped and was leaning against the rock. "I've been up there ever since about 11 o'clock, and it must be quite 5 by now."

"But—er—how"—

"Oh, I went up there to sketch, and when I started to come down there was that horrid bear, right at the bottom of the rock! Ugh!"

"Did he see you?"

"No; if he had just looked at me, I should have died, I know! I shan't dare go out again in that way, all alone."

"You don't seem to have lost your nerve very badly," said Boston, looking at her admiringly. How pretty she was, and what a figure, to be sure! "Er—pardon me, but where are you stopping?" he queried.

"Over at Mr. Wheatley's. I am Mrs. Harlan," answered the fair rescued.

"Yes? I am—or was, back in the States—Mr. Bendixon. Out here," and he smiled grimly, "I am Boston, because probably I do not come from there. By the way, where is your horse? I am going to Mr. Wheatley's to get a wagon to bring in Mr. Bear, and I will see you safely home, although there's probably not another bear within 50 miles of here."

But Mrs. Harlan had come out afoot, the Wheatley ranch house being only about a mile distant, so they walked over together, Dick ambling along in the rear with his usual meekness.

When they returned for the bear, Mrs. Harlan mounted a horse, and nothing daunted rode back to the scene of her scare, despite the protestations of Mrs. Wheatley, who had been worrying about her ever since she had failed to appear at the luncheon hour. If she was charming on foot, she was doubly so on horseback, Boston thought, as he compared this tenderfoot with the Gila girls, who all rode splendidly in their way, but were not, as a rule, particularly graceful in the saddle, or out of it, for that matter.

Fred Bendixon was still thinking of the charming tenderfoot as, after taking dinner with the Wheatley's, he rode slowly homeward through the gathering darkness. He had been in New Mexico three years now, and she was the only civilized being, as he told himself, that he had talked with in all that time. She was really delightful, he decided. Were it not for her vivacity, she would be much like—

"Bah!" said Bendixon, so viciously that Dick gave a little jump. "I wish she weren't."

For the last year he had given less thought to her—that proud, stately girl who had ruined his life; that creature with the Madonna face and the deep, serious eyes that gazed steadily into his and protested passionate devotion while their owner's lips lied straightforwardly and solemnly declared her love for him. That was before his father's failure and the loss of most of his fortune. Then—

"Bah! D—n her!" said her self exiled victim as he dug a spur into poor Dick and turned the unwilling little beast off the home trail and on to the one that led to the little mining camp, three miles away. "We'll forget her, Dick," he added gently, feeling a pang of remorse for hurting his pet.

* * * * * *

He entered the camp saloon quietly, merely nodding to two or three miners and a couple of his own cowboys who spoke to him. Fred Bendixon was not a "sociable" chap, according to the southwestern acceptance of the term, until he had had a few drinks and forgot what had brought him where he was.

One of the Three Line outfit's men was talking to the bartender, and Boston listened to him, carelessly at first, but presently with interest.

"Seen that tenderfoot heifer th't's stayin ovah t' Wheatley's t'day, Dan—an say, boy, she's a sho' rampageous beaut, she is. I was ridin through Wind canyon, an jes' comin ont intuh th' valley, w'en all of a suddint I meets up with 'er, an her afoot. She says, 'Good mornin, sir!' by gad, an smiled 's sweet 's ef I was th' Dook o' Bilgewater, an I was that rattled I most f'rgot I had m' hat on an c'd ha'dly say 'Mornin!' an, say, my heart beat fast f'r a hour."

"Who is she, Pete?" asked the barboy, with languid interest.

"Cousin 'r somethin o' Mis' Wheatley. Come out yere f'r t' git a de-vorce fr'm 'er ole man. Wheatley tole Pel Hynes, an Pel tole me. Guess Mis' Wheatley 'd ruin Wheat's face ef she knowed he piped it."

So this fresh faced girl, hardly more than 20, had had her sorrows too! From that moment Fred Bendixon felt drawn to her. She was braver than he, he reflected, for she concealed her griefs under the cloak of well assumed cheerfulness, while he—well, every one knew that, as one citizen phrased it, "Boston had a sho' nough kick comin, ef 'e nevah does le' go of it—likely some heifer done kicked him."

Bendixon called upon his new acquaintance the next day, and they had a long ride together on the Silver City trail, Boston showing her the points of interest—that is, where this or that person had been murdered by Indians or Mexicans, or where Jones or Smith had been held up once upon a time. There was little else, beyond an occasional view at a distance of some spot made historical by the Jesuits, with whom the history of the country began. It was late when they returned to the ranch.

"Let me thank you for a very, very pleasant day," said Mrs. Harlan softly, as Bendixon, declining her invitation to join the group in the gallery, bade her "good night" at the gate. "It is so pleasant to meet some one—that is"—

"The obligation is on my side, Mrs. Harlan," answered Bendixon, with the glamour of the southern moon, if he had only known it, hovering about his uncovered head. "Do you know what three years without the pale of civilization mean to one who—good night, Mrs. Harlan."

"Good night." And she stood watching his retreating figure, noting how superbly he sat his horse, but forgetful of the abruptness of his departure.

"Divinely handsome," she thought complacently, "and delightful company. Since he has so little to do, I don't think it will be such a dull time, after all."

"Harlan must be a brute," thought the one time unsusceptible Bendixon as Dick galloped up the trail, "or else he's a fool. Probably he's both, for an intelligent brute couldn't fail to come under the influence of a woman like that."

She had asked him to call the next day, and he had promised to do so—gladly at the time. As he rode home, however, he asked himself: "Why? To what end?" But his hungry soul answered, "For the sake of intelligent companionship while you may have it." And of course he went, not only that day, but the next, and thereafter there were few days during the next two months that they did not see each other.

* * * * * *

The rains had been very light that season, and hardly a cattleman, or, for that matter, any one else, but was well nigh in despair. Cattle by scores lay dead on the plains and in the valleys—dead for want of food and water. Not so many of Bendixon's. His were unusually well provided for, but hardly an outfit in the county but counted its loss by hundreds, and even thousands.

"It'll come heavily, though, when it does come," said Boston to Mrs. Harlan, as together they rode one hot afternoon through Wind canyon on their way to call upon a sick man at the Two Bar X ranch. "You never saw a storm in this country, did you? Well, it is something worth seeing and keeping out of the way of. It comes up suddenly—very—and the rain falls in chunks for a little while, then it suddenly ceases, and one thinks that's the end of it, but it isn't. Presently the canyons and ravines become flooded with water, and each one becomes the bed of a torrent. And the waterways on the lower levels—I have seen rocks weighing tons carried down through them by the wall of water. As a matter of fact—by Jove!" he interrupted himself suddenly, "that storm we noticed over in the Burro mountains awhile ago is coming this way."

He was right. Inside of five minutes the storm had broken over them, and they had to seek what shelter was afforded by the lee of a rock that partially overhung the trail. The storm was over presently, the clouds, apparently without any impelling breeze, passing over quickly and leaving the clarified atmosphere and a dim rainbow as reminders of their visitation.

"Come," said Bendixon, "we must hurry and get back to where we can strike the hills. Hurry!"

Mrs. Harlan looked at him quizzically. "The idea!" she said. "I do believe you're guying me." And unassisted she mounted her horse and was off up the canyon before her companion could protest.

In a moment he was after her. She saw him coming as she glanced behind her, but she only laughed merrily and urged her horse the faster. But little Dick had other accomplishments besides docility and intelligence. He could run, and he ran now, so that presently he was alongside Mrs. Harlan's mount.

"Come!" cried Bendixon hoarsely. "There is no time. Turn your horse!" Mrs. Harlan, seeing the look in his eyes, tried to obey, but her horse had his head and she could not stop him. She turned a white, scared face toward Bendixon, and he, nudging Dick a bit closer to the gray, reached out his arm, grasped the slight form firmly, then "Back, Dicky, back!"—and Dick, wheeling like lightning, was running like an antelope, despite his double load, down the canyon.

"How silly we are!" ejaculated Mrs. Harlan as they reached the top of one of the hills back near the canyon's mouth, and Bendixon released her. "I think you're tryling to frighten me. Really"—

"Hush!" said her companion solemnly. "Do you hear that?"

The rocks of the canyon echoed a low, terrible roar, now loud, now more subdued, as the great body of water found a narrow or a wide passage. It came rapidly nearer. Mrs. Harlan, alive now to the possible danger she had escaped, sat with ears and eyes alert wondering how long—

Just then her horse came in sight, turning a bend a quarter of a mile above, racing for his life, and behind him, not 100 yards, came a rolling, tumbling wall of water 40 feet high. Tensely they watched the unequal race, but not for long. In a few seconds the flood overtook the poor animal, and presently, a shapeless mass, he was rolled by them in the torrent, along with all the rocks and debris at the forefront of the watery avalanche.

"Now," began Bendixon, "you see"—

But his companion did not see. She was crying.

It was too much for Bendixon. In a second he was beside her, his arms were about her, and she finished her cry on his shoulder. And that afternoon they told their stories to each other—just enough for each to know that the other had suffered—as, the woman awkwardly sitting sidewise on Dick, and the man walking beside, they went back to the Wheatley place together.

* * * * * *

"Some duck gives it out t' me," said Dan, the bartender, to one of Bendixon's men who dropped in one quiet evening, "th't Boston's got a riv'l over t' Wheatleys."

Boston's men were loyal, and this one merely gave the bartender an inquisitive look.

"Ya-as," continued Dan, setting up the whisky bottle, "I gits it straight th't this bloke is th' same one th't her an 'er ol man splits up on, an th't she's go'n t' marry 'im soon's she gits er de-vorce."

Mr. Bendixon's cowhand merely vouchsafed noncommitally, "Th' hell!" and went out to where his cayuse was tied, mentally resolving, however, to learn more about the matter.

* * * * * *

Boston had met the distinguished looking stranger two or three times, but tonight he noticed, or thought he noticed, for the first time a certain constraint in the manner of his sweetheart toward himself, and a vague, wondering jealousy took possession of him. Who was this fellow Bement anyway—this gray haired, blase man of the world? What was he doing at the Wheatleys? He had not thought to ask—rather he had had no opportunity.

It was late when he started homeward and began wondering over these things, and there came a sudden pang as he remembered that he had not had a chance to say his lover's good night to Bertha.

"She might have made an opportunity," he said to himself. Then, suddenly halting Dick: "Poor little girl! She has to be careful, of course. That fellow may be her—that is, Harlan's lawyer." And wondering why he had not thought of this before he wheeled Dick and rode quietly back toward the ranch. He would see the light in her window at least.

He saw his arm about her—that man Bement's. He could see them plainly as they walked slowly toward him—him, her dupe, who was supposed to be nearly home by now. They came directly on. They would pass close by the clump of brush where he and his horse were concealed. He heard the woman say:

"How shocked Cousin Mattie and Horace will be when they find we're gone! And Bendixon—poor fellow, he'll be awfully cut up! He's tried to make it so pleasant for me this summer."

A rush of horse's hoofs—a whirring, sinuous something that clasped them both—and a frightened, frantic pony, with a frenzied rider, dashed across the valley and up a rocky canyon, dragging at the end of a lariat a squirming, screaming mass, whose cries were soon stilled.

* * * * * *

"Let 'em go!" said old man Wheatley, who rode over to camp next morning to see if he could get any trace of the supposed fugitives. "Good riddance, I says, when we finds her note this mornin, but why'n thunder didn't they take no baggage, an why'd they go afoot? I wouldn't 'a' keered f'r a couple o' hosses."

* * * * * *

In a little mining camp in New Mexico the landlord of the hotel pointed out to me a dirty, dejected looking specimen of the genus bum. "That there feller's got a hist'ry. Few years back 'e had a good ranch up country a piece an was well fixed. Well, he got stuck on a grass widder th't was stayin with one o' th' neighbors, an I reckon they had it all fixed up when along comes a sho' star lookin jay fr'm back east, an him an th' grass widder turns up missin. Ever'body thought they'd skipped, but the'r bodies—what was left of 'em—was found in a ol' d'serted shaft a few months later. An Boston he h'ain't never be'n right sence. He's tried ranchin an minin an gamblin, but it don't do no good. Poor ol' Boston! He's a sho' 'nough all time loser."—Lester Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Not Disturbed by Trifles.

I was walking up the village, when I saw, to my dismay, that the entire gable end of one of the cottages had fallen bodily out, of course exposing the rooms, both up stairs and down stairs. My first thought was naturally for the safety of the family, a young agricultural laborer and his wife. But there were my friends just returning from an errand, and this was the conversation which followed:

"O. B., what has happened to your cottage?"

"It's only the end have a-fallen out, sir," cheerfully.

"Only the end, but when did it happen?"

"Last night about 1 o'clock. My misses and I were sleepin in one of those bedrooms, when she suddenly heard a noise. I do sleep very hard, sir, but at last she woke me and said, 'What be that, Bill? Oh,' says I, 'it be this 'ere blessed end of t' house have a-fallen out.' And, sure enough, so 'twere. But then we'd been expectin of it some time. We know he wer'n't very safe."

"But what did you do?"

"Well, I tried to light a candle, but 'twere blowin and rainin very hard, and the wind blew her out every time I lighted 'im. So we just lay quiet till 5 o'clock, and then we got up, for 'twere gettin a bit publiclike."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Oh, no, sir. You see we'd been expectin of it."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Oh, Mr. —— will send some bricks, and he'll be built up again in a day or two."

"But you're surely not going to stay here tonight?"

"Oh, yes, sir (from the woman). Bill says he don't want to move. I could go down to my father's, but I may just as well sleep along with Bill."

And so they did. A friendly neighbor nailed up a sailcloth to make their rooms a little less "publiclike" and to afford some protection from the weather, and there they staid one more night at least, after which some of us succeeded in inducing them to move until the wall of their home was rebuilt.—London Spectator.

Legend of the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gray petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.—Household Magazine.

Child Language.

Does anybody know of children who today use a language apart in the communication of their thoughts, a language that puzzles linguists, and yet is understood thoroughly by the youngsters? There was a remarkable case some years ago in Albany. Two boys of a well known family—the father was a celebrated politician—whenever they talked together used invariably—that is, in the presence of other members of the family—a language that was not to be discovered among pagan or Christian people. The boys never gave an explanation after they reached the age of 15 or 16. Up to that age they chattered with volubility in this singular tongue. Here is an instance that points toward the sanity of the theory advanced by Charles Godfrey Leland in "Gypsy Sorcery:" "I believe that a company of children left entirely to themselves would form and grow up with a language which in a very few years would be spoken fluently."—Boston Journal

A VENETIAN PALACE.

ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING'S BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

A Building Filled With Memories and Relics of Two Poets Dear to Thousands. The Owner Regards All Visitors as His Guests and Is Unusually Kind.

On the Grand canal at Venice there is a singularly interesting group of buildings. First, at the corner of the small canal which every tourist traverses on his way to and from the station is the great red pile known as the Palazzo Foscari. It is now used as a sort of business college, and young Venetians learn bookkeeping in the banquet halls of the old doge. Next to it are two gray and ancient buildings, leaning against each other and the Foscari for support. They form one of the Gustiniani palaces and harbor a mosaic factory. Beyond is a solid and rather gloomy looking building somewhat aloof from the neighbors and with a broad semicircular flight of steps leading from the pillared entrance down into the water of the Grand canal. The posts outside for the convenience of the gondolas are painted a dull brown in contrast with the blue and white posts of the other palaces. High iron gates close the entrance.

The first trip you make on the watery highway of Venice your curiosity will be satisfied in regard to this palace, if on no other point, for every gondolier knows the Browning palace. Get him to poke the nose of his gondolas between those brown posts, and if the custodian is not in sight ring the bell beside the iron gates. A rather crabbed looking man will let you in, and with a gruffness which is only, as it were, skin deep tell you to go through the court and up the broad staircase at the rear.

In the court you will find a bronze statue of a beautiful woman, about whose nude body a serpent has coiled its folds. She holds its head to her bosom and looks at it with a strange fondness. If you like speculation, you will begin to wonder what manner of man it is who modeled this figure, and you will climb the staircase with more than ever of anticipation, for the sculptor is Robert Barrett Browning, the sole heir to the names of two great poets and the master of the house you have come to see.

At the top of the broad stairs the custodian will be waiting for you at the doors leading into a great hall with a high frescoed ceiling by Tiepolo and a polished wood floor. If you are as young as it is to be hoped you are, you will take an experimental whirl across this shining expanse while the custodian's back is turned. Result, an envious sigh when he announces that this is the salle du bal. You sigh again even more wistfully when he tells you that a few years ago Emma Eames spent a month as a guest in this palace, and that every evening she sang to her host and his friends as they sat in the great easy chairs you see on that island of rugs at the other end of the hall. As if it were not enough to have this delightful old palace without also having one of the great singers of the world come and fill it with music! You become more than ever orthodox on the subject of "to whom that hath shall be given."

The custodian unwittingly helps to ground you in the faith by leading you through one apartment after another, filled with beautiful old wood carving, old frescoes, inlaid cabinets and pictures and statues by the owner of it all. More interesting than the works of art, however, are the reminders of the two poets whose personalities are so dear to thousands of people. Here is a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, modeled by her son, and her portrait by the same careful hand, and there is an earlier portrait of her, more beautiful than those one generally sees, and a bust of her as a young girl, with the curls in the same way that she wore them all her life. In one corner is the small writing desk she used, and near it is the bust of her husband. In a small alcove is a reproduction of a memorial tablet in Florence.

One is surprised to find how livable this big palace has been made. In the first place, the owner in addition to the kindness of permitting people to visit the house has added the courtesy of regarding them as probably honest. Most "show" houses are scrupulously swept and garnished of everything which makes them homelike and real. They contain a barren array of chairs, tables, and so on, but that is all. Mr. Browning has been kinder to the visitors, whom he evidently regards as in a way his guests. There are books on the table, there is music on the rack in the music room, and there are interesting photographs of his father and mother. He makes you feel as if he understood why you came and was glad. You look at his own photograph with a kindly interest and are not sorry, after all, that he has a palace, and that Emma Eames came and sang to him.

He is, as shown by this photograph, a man of 30 or 35, with dark hair, which in your present kindly mood you regret to see so thin on top. He has a dark mustache and seems a well built fellow, quite as capable of riding across country as of painting the pictures and modeling the statues with which the adjoining hall is filled.

The dining room, looking out on the canal, has a fine big fireplace, lined with polished brass. You long to see how the light would dance in it. The butler's pantry adjoining is as large as the dining room itself, and the walls are covered with row after row of polished china and glass. The library is being made over to suit this fastidious young man and will be most attractive with the old carved pillars and woodwork he has picked up, he knows where. The floor above is occupied by bedrooms, while the ground floor is the home of the custodian, the "boathouse," and general storeroom.—Venice Cor. New York Sun.

THE SHERIFF'S IMPULSE.

It Was Prompted by Chivalry, but There Was No Reciprocity.

It was a dull day, even for Alexandria. A chill wind, rustling the dead leaves, twirled in the open doorway and about the reluctant form of the little deputy sheriff.

"I called, Miss ——," he begun.

"I understand," the young girl interrupted quietly. "Come in." And she closed the door.

Nervously clutching his hat, he followed her into the parlor.

"Nothing is exempt," she continued as she pushed aside the faded silk curtains to admit the waning daylight, "but this vase," pointing to a bit of porcelain on a table near by, "the last of my mother's wedding gifts." With the conscious expression of a recognized villain he further itemized on a shabby tablet all other visible flotsam of a past luxury.

"If you'll do the other rooms, miss," he suggested deprecatingly, "then nobody needn't be disturbed."

"Thank you," she assented, and grateful tears filled her eyes as she took the list from his hands.

"'Tain't the law," he reflected when she had gone, "but it cert'n'ly ain't no great sin." Twice he had done this errand of justice, and his respectful pity for the girl and her people knew no bounds. Now as he sat there alone, smoothing the band of his hat, his naturally sluggish brain was active with sympathy. Suddenly his sparse little figure grew expansive and alert, animated by a chivalrous impulse such as prompted Raleigh to cast his cloak under the queen's feet. He would make a clear path for her and hers across this mire of debt and poverty.

"Everything is there," she said, returning and handing him the tablet. "You are very thoughtful and kind."

"I hope, miss, things can be fixed," he ventured, "as they was before?"

"Impossible," she replied, growing pale. Her troubled face made his heart ache.

"I'm going to quit this sorry trade," he burst out. "I on'y done it this awhile 'cause I had to get a livin; but," brightening visibly, "my aunt at Blue Ridge depo' she died las' week, an she lef' farm an cattle an money all to me."

"That is good," interposed the girl, gathering courage from his tone.

"Maybe you'll be mad, miss," he went on, "but I wish mightily you all could share this win'fall of mine. There's your maw," eagerly. "She'd be like another lady in the mountain air, with fresh milk, an eggs an ridin round, an your paw, he could rest up, an maybe take heart, for a new scheme, if—if"—with a gasp—"you'd on'y marry me."

Astonishment, indignation, amusement, in turn overwhelmed her. "I cannot do that," she answered, quickly flushing, "but you are very good to think of us."

"I meant no harm, miss," he muttered, and hurriedly departed.

"What a fool," he commented once outside, "to go an forget the difference, just because I wanted to help her!"

"What a situation!" mused the girl as the hall door closed abruptly. "Fancy the little sheriff, out of sheer good heartedness, wanting to levy on my existence."—Washington News.

Mr. Dana on the Bible.

What books ought you to read? There are some books that are indispensable—a few books. Almost all books have their use, even the silly ones, and an omnivorous reader, if he reads intelligently, need never feel that his time is wasted even when he bestows it on the flimsiest trash that is printed, but there are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating and to the profession that we are considering, and of all these the most indispensable, the most useful, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation and professional use for a journalist. There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest events with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality of affection; none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence. There is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?—From a Lecture on "The Art of Newspaper Making."

The English Ironmonger.

In England the iron monger thinks so highly of his business that an applicant who desires to master its secrets must pay a premium for the privilege. An agreement, drawn up with much form and executed in parchment, is signed and sealed, by which the apprentice is bound for at least two years. He usually makes his home with his master. When the time specified has expired, the apprentice blossoms into an assistant and is required to wear an apron, usually of some dark colored material. He must be very profuse in expressing thanks to customers The prescribed form in serving after a want has been supplied is to inquire: "Is there anything more I may have the pleasure of doing for you?" or, "Madam," or "Sir, where may I have the pleasure of sending this?" as, no matter the size of the parcel, "madam," or "sir" would not think of carrying it. The work hours of the assistant are usually 8 a. m. to 7 p. m., with one hour's allowance for dinner and 30 minutes for tea. The wages vary according to ability. The average per week is from £2 to £3.—Hardware.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 29, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Babi."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MR. MEDILL'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

The fine new school building on Henry near Throop street, has been most appropriately named after Chicago's distinguished citizen and journalist, the Hon. Joseph Medill. It has been open only a short time, so that there were no graduating exercises on Wednesday, but, instead, there was what may be called dedicatory services, in which Mr. A. F. Nightingale, superintendent of High Schools; Mr. A. S. Trude, president of the Board of Education; Miss Jennie Graham, Jerome Cerwak and others bore a part. Mr. Medill, by invitation, occupied a seat on the platform. In the course of his remarks to the teachers and pupils, Mr. Trude said:

"Your school is christened after one of the most distinguished editors and citizens of this state—a man whose reputation is national. Shortly after he obtained his education he became a school teacher. Therefore he is splendidly equipped to give advice to the Board of Education as to its duties. His practiced fingers have ever been upon the pulse of our great common school system, and when it was menaced with the disorders of faddism he promptly prescribed a cure by demanding its abolishment.

"Mr. Medill, manifesting his great interest and love for our school, has donated to it a rich and carefully-selected library, and I earnestly solicit those who now hear me to read during the coming vacation the books contained therein. The selections have been so judiciously made that they will entertain and instruct the child in the kindergarten and the matured youth in the grammar and High School departments of this institution, which promises to become the Cooper Institute of the West. May his memory survive long after this magnificent structure is a crumbling ruin.

"One word more and I will have finished. My friend, Thomas Cusack, is the active committeeman of this district, and the children within it know him and love him for the good and effective work he has done. I am happy to be able to say that I have positive assurance that Mr. Cusack will be continued on the board."

Mr. Medill was called upon to respond, and, as he rose to do so, was greeted with a great outburst of applause. The entire audience rose to their feet and gave him an ovation.

Mr. Medill returned thanks for the high honor done him by giving his name to that finest of the public schools of Chicago, and added a few words on the value and importance of a sound education to the pupil, whether male or female, in the subsequent struggles of life, showing how it increased their strength, influence and happiness. And he specially impressed on the boys the great importance of manual training in opening up remunerative employment for their labor and making the chances to become employers themselves. The education of the hand should go with that of the head, as there were not places for all in the professions or as clerks and salesmen in the middlemen vocations.

The remarks of the famous editor were received with manifestations of deep interest. THE CITIZEN particularly directs the attention of its readers to Mr. Medill's advice as given to boys. The learned and clerical professions are fast becoming overcrowded, but there is always room for skilled labor in this ever growing country. One of the chief reasons why thousands of young Irishmen who emigrated to this country had a hard road to travel a generation ago, was that they were not trained in manual schools of any kind, and, consequently, had to fall back on labor or ill-paid clerkships, political or otherwise. Everybody in this country should, in as far as is possible, have some insight into mechanical pursuits. The Emperor of Germany, and other European sovereigns, set this example to their subjects, by training their own boys to be mechanics. Every prince of the martial House of Hohenzollern learns some kind of a trade. We commend the advice of Mr. Medill to the thoughtful consideration of parents.

THE CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

The Mayor has nominated Messrs. John M. Clark, ex-collector of customs, Robert A. Waller, ex-Lincoln Park commissioner, and Christoph Hotz, ex-member of the Drainage Board, to be Civil Service Commissioners of the city of Chicago under the State law recently enacted. All three of the gentlemen are among the best known and most highly respected of our citizens, and all have had the great advantage of familiarity with public and business affairs. The public will have confidence in the new Board, and the Mayor is to be congratulated on his selections. The Commissioners will meet formally on July 1, the day on which the act goes into effect, will elect a secretary and organize their office for business. Some time will be consumed in making necessary arrangements before examinations can take place. It is said that the curriculum governing the examination will be modeled, in so far as is possible, on the Civil Service rules of the United States, but, of course, the Commissioners are left entirely free to enact what rules may seem best to them in carrying the law into force in Chicago. Everybody who is eligible will have an equal chance, and sex, it is said, will not be regarded in the matter of examination. Those who have not entirely mastered the ordinary branches of American education will have small chance of passing the ordeal, and those who feel themselves deficient in this respect, and who are desirous of competing, should set to work and perfect themselves without delay.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN ENGLAND.

Lord Rosebery has marched out of the Premiership of England and Lord Salisbury walks in, followed by the Duke of Devonshire (Hartington that was), Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Joseph Chamberlain, George J. Goschen, A. J. Balfour, alias Bloody Balfour, and others of the same old crowd. It is expected that the existing parliament will be dissolved shortly and a general election will, of course, result. Justin McCarthy is out with a frantic appeal for funds. He may as well spare himself the trouble, as far, at least, as this country is concerned. The American people generally are tired of the ever quarreling Irish parliamentary party. John Redmond says that Ireland won't be any worse off under Tory than under Whig rule, and in this we agree with him, but he might have added—under any form of English rule. This is particularly true as regards the political prisoners, whom the Whigs have treated vilely. Redmond says that the Tories differ from the Whigs in this respect: If they take up any good Irish measure, which is more than doubtful, they can pass it through the House of Lords. Rosebery, like Gladstone, has left Ireland in the lurch. He was glad to be voted out of office, so as to avoid responsibility in the matter of the Irish Land bill, which is now a dead letter, unless the Tories should take it up. A plague on both their houses.

WASHINGTON AND LEE.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Times-Star* pictures the late Confederate commander-in-chief, Robert E. Lee, as what people usually call a "goody-goody" man. We have no doubt that General Lee was, in his private capacity, a very excellent human being, but we cannot forget that he failed to follow the example of his illustrious fellow Virginian, Gen. George H. Thomas, by remaining true to the National government. Here is an excerpt from what the *Times-Star* writer has to say about him:

"His demeanor was always dignified and serious, indeed, and I never saw him smile. One could feel the very personality of Lee pervading the atmosphere around old Washington and Lee University. Every student was on his honor. Not one of them would lie. You have some idea of what college boys are and what many of them will do. They will stop at nothing in their pranks. Yet the students at that university have convicted themselves of pranks that caused their expulsion because they could not lie when brought face to face with General Lee. He was absolutely a pure man, if ever one lived. He neither drank, chewed, nor smoked, nor ever used vulgar language. He was a clean man. Washington was his idol. He patterned his life after that illustrious patriot. In his very bearing and personality he reminded one of Washington. You know how closely he was allied to the family of Washington. The name of Washington University was changed by the Virginia legislature to that of Washington and Lee University. General Lee's wife, Mary Custis, sleeps by his side in the tomb under the chapel platform at the university."

THE CITIZEN honestly thinks that if General Lee had patterned his life after that of Washington, he would never have drawn his sword awainst the Union which his great exemplar founded. There is a good deal of humbug, too, about the idea that Washington was a solemn-browed person, entirely lifted above the weaknesses of the average man. It is traditional in Virginia that the Father of his Country was hospitable in the extreme, and, although a temperate drinker, loved an occasional glass of applejack toddy. History, we believe, records that he swore at another General Lee—no relative of Robert E.—on the field of Monmouth; and the late Ben: Perley Poore, the distinguished Boston litterateur, who was filled to repletion with matters Washingtonian, used to say that he swore heartily on other occasions. In reading over James Fenimore Cooper's fine novel, "The Spy," it will be seen that Washington had an excellent knowledge of tobacco, seeing that he planted it at Mount Vernon, and applied a little of the weed on the table before him to his tongue, when in the house on the neutral ground, to find out whether it was contraband. This would argue that the Father of his Country occasionally practised the sailor's solace.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago met at Fitzgerald's Hall last Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in annual convention. Nearly seventy associations were represented. John J. O'Mahoney was re-elected president; Lawrence Heneley treasurer, and T. F. McCarthy secretary. Resolutions indorsing the New Movement were adopted, and it was resolved to hold the annual picnic at Ogden's Grove on August 15. The committees will be announced by President Mahoney later on.

THE wife of ex-Ald. M. McAuley, of the old Fifth Ward, died on Monday, aftee a comparatively brief illness. She was a lady of cheerful disposition, and was greatly beloved by her neighbors and the poor because of her kindliness of nature and many charities. The blow is a sad one, indeed, to Mr. McAuley and his children. The latter are James W. McAuley, Mrs. Joseph J. Ward, Mrs. L. E. Bonn, Misses Maggie, Hattie and Agnes McAuley, and Joseph McAuley. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning from the residence, No. 3109 South Halsted street, to the Church of the Nativity, Union avenue and Thirty-seventh street, where solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated. The interment was at Calvary. Requiescat in pace.

THE Emmet Guard, of Boston, at a meeting held, June 22, indorsed the proposed Irish National Convention to be held in aid of the New Movement, and pledged their moral, physical and financial support to the cause of Ireland. The resolutions are signed by William A. Regan, chairman; John R. Collins and T. H. O'Neill.

IT is said that the County Civil Service Commission will be named by President Healy of the County Board on Monday. Those most prominently mentioned are W. D. Boyce, the well known capitalist and newspaper proprietor; Samuel M. Burdett, Matthew Benner, ex-fire marshal; E.R.Brainerd, John S. Kendall, Charles S. Dineen, S. P. Cody, Felix Sneff, and George Edmanson.

MR. FRANK CROWE, of the Chicago Bar, and his sister Miss Jennie Crowe, of the city educational department, left Chicago on June 26 and sailed for Europe today. They will visit the Continent and Great Britain and Ireland, and will be absent until some time in September. We wish the young voyageurs a pleasant journey and safe return.

AMONG the LL.Ds created at the recent commencement exercises by the Faculty of St. Ignatius Jesuit College, this city, are Hon. Martin J. Russell, Hon. John Gibbons, Thomas Brenan, William Dillon, Hon. Richard J. Prendergast, W. J. Onahan, and many others.

THE wife of Mr. Garnet Barns, long connected with the firm of Rand, McNally & Co., died on Friday of last week, after an illness of brief duration. Mrs. Barns was a Miss O'Connell, and was well known in the social circles of Chicago. She was a devout communicant of the Catholic Church, and an exemplary wife and mother. All who knew Mr. Barns, who is a gentleman of wide acquaintance and of high personal character, deeply sympathize with him and his children in their great bereavement. THE CITIZEN tenders them its respectful sympathy.

EIGHT young men were ordained into the Catholic priesthood Saturday. The service was performed by Archbishop Feehan at 7 o'clock in the morning in Holy Name cathedral. The names of the candidates were John B. Murray, James A. Quinn, Eneas B. Goodwin, William J. Kinsella, Thomas J. Hagerty, Henry P Coughlin, Matthias N. Barth and James Ryan. They have been graduated from the Catholic Theological seminary in Baltimore, having received their education in St. Ignatius College, Chicago.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Controversy on the Subject Between the Chicago "Tribune" and the Editor of "The Citizen."

Discussion as to What the New Movement is Inaugurated For—Chance of Foreign Intervention on Behalf of Ireland.

PART I.

(*From Chicago Tribune, June 21.*)

CHICAGO, June 18.—[Editor of *The Tribune.*]—Your editorial of June 18, headed "Fool Friends of Ireland" assumes that certain Irish-Americans are about to make war on England in the near future "on their own hook." I am not aware that men of my race on this continent or elsewhere have committed themselves to an impracticable programme, nor do the dispatches published in the daily press, *The Tribune* included, indicate that they have. Their attitude is simply one of preparation. They expect England's difficulty to come, and, no doubt, they hope to make Ireland's opportunity effective in case of a war between Great Britain and some power, or alliance of powers, her equal on land and sea. Who can say that the United States will always remain at peace with England, even though the latter is our "best customer"—because she cannot help herself? In such an event a well-armed and well-trained American-Irish contingent would not be regarded with disfavor any more than were the different Irish brigades and regiments that fought for the Union cause during the civil war.

The Tribune finds fault with the expression contained in an adopted resolution of some Irish-American body that "parliamentary agitation is demoralizing the Irish people." I thoroughly agree with that resolution, and say further that nearly all of Ireland's modern misfortunes began when Daniel O'Connell turned her mind from arms to agitation. Notwithstanding her losses in the field in the long wars against Elizabeth, Cromwell, William III., and during the rebellion of 1798, Ireland continued to prosper materially, and her population kept increasing steadily down to the fatal year, 1847. When the act of legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland went into effect in 1801 (I quote from Whittaker's Almanack, published in London) the population of the respective countries—Ireland's "estimated" probably below the mark—was as follows:

England and Wales	9,384,549
Scotland	1,603,420
Ireland	5,319,867

In 1841 the population stood thus:

England and Wales	15,914,148
Scotland	2,620,184
Ireland	8,175,124

In 1847, the terrible famine year, the population of Ireland was estimated in round numbers at 8,750,000. But in 1820, by the provisions of the sixth article of the treaty of union, Ireland's tariff restrictions on English imports were entirely abrogated, nine-tenths of her manufacturing industries had perished, and three fourths of the population were thrown for subsistence on agriculture. The landlords drained the people to their last penny. Everything eatable, except the miserable potatoes, was shipped to England in payment of the exorbitant rents of absentee aristocrats; the potato crop was an arrant failure, and 1,500,000 of the Irish population died of famine or typhus fever, the result of famine. Other millions emigrated to America and other countries. In 1891, when the last census was taken, the figures of population showed this startling change:

England and Wales	29,001,018
Scotland	4,033,103
Ireland	4,706,162

Even since 1891 Ireland's population has continued to decrease while that of Great Britain has correspondingly increased. I suppose 4,500,000 is a liberal estimate of Ireland's present population.

Now, if Ireland were, in the sense of fertility, a poor country, there might be some excuse for this terrible diminution of the people, but anyone who has studied the matter in the slightest degree can inform you that of the three kingdoms Ireland is, acre for acre, the most fertile and productive. Her very best tillage lands have been converted into pasturages in the last thirty years. She is larger than Scotland by more than 1,000 square miles, and in area stands to England about in the proportion of two to three. She has not alone the best water power in the so-called United Kingdom but in all Europe. She has the largest river in the two islands—the noble Shannon—and has ninety harbors, fourteen of which can accommodate the combined navies of the world. Her geographical position directly north of France and Spain and almost due east from the chief seaports of the United States is more favorable for commerce than that of England. Why then does she wither? Because England wills it, and the world looks coldly on. Each succeeding agitation has brought fresh disaster upon Ireland. Nobody can claim that the condition of a country is "improved" when she has lost 2,000,000 people in a generation and, practically, half her population within fifty years.

Is it any wonder, under these circumstances, that honest Irishmen despair of English Whigs and Tories and their false promises? *The Tribune* says that the threats of Irishmen only inflame the Tories. That may be, but the alleged Liberals are now in power, and how much better off is Ireland? *The Tribune* also intimates that deeds of violence have only resulted in greater oppression. This may be true also, but the words of William Ewart Gladstone himself are in evidence against it. One thing, however, a close study of Anglo-Irish history proves beyond dispute—Ireland never obtained anything from England by turning the other cheek to be smitten.

As regards the stealing of Irish funds by certain leaders, Ireland may defy the world to the proof. Mitchel and Meagher died poor. O'Mahoney did not leave enough to bury him, and his remains were sent to Ireland at the expense of his countrymen. Stephens is living in a poor little cottage, also the gift of his countrymen, in Dublin; and so on through the list. Can no Irishman love his native country, or struggle manfully for its welfare, without incurring the charge of demagogy or dishonesty?

I am fully aware that the advocacy of Irish independence in America is not conducive to popularity or to private or public "success in life." To be an Irish Nationalist even in this free land is to have at least 50 per cent of a man's chances taken from him. But what of it? A cause is a cause, and men will be true to it, whether it leads to glory or the grave. This has been the history of all great causes, and the world holds, or has held, none greater or nobler than the cause of Ireland.

Neither I nor any other Irish-American who lays claim to common sense or who has even the slightest military knowledge and experience believes that Ireland unaided can fight England. The supposition, under existing circumstances, is too ridiculous, and the Irish people are certainly not military imbeciles. But even the greatest empires have met with their reverses—the Roman, the French, the German (Austrian)—and why not the British? And, should that empire become involved in a tremendous war, what love has it shown either America or Ireland that Irishmen, and possibly Americans, too, should not smite it, hip and thigh, even as the Fathers smote it at Saratoga and Yorktown. Truly, the peace and safety of the British Empire can hardly be called an American concern.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ABOVE.

Mr. Finerty, who has been laboring for Irish independence ever since he became an American citizen, is in a position to know just what are the plans of other American citizens of Irish birth or Irish descent who wish to free their kinsfolk in Ireland from British rule, whether they wish it or not. A third of them, at least, are not anxious to be separated from Britain, and if the other two-thirds are they are not saying much on the subject. Certainly they do not seem to be making the efforts the Cubans are. Because Mr. Finerty knows what the plans are of those who desire the liberation of Ireland he must be believed implicitly when he says that it is the intention of the majority of the Irish people to play a waiting game—not to incite a rebellion in Ireland, or to invade Canada, or to assassinate any English officeholders in Dublin, but to go on quietly collecting money until England is at war with powerful antagonists like France and Russia, for instance, and then to throw that money into the scales against her when the Irish rising takes place.

If contributions in this country were to flow in steadily for a century and the money were invested securely at compound interest there would be a large fund on hand with which to buy muskets and ammunition and hire men. Money is the sinews of war, and is not to be sneezed at in case of an Irish rebellion.

But while it is impossible to forecast the future accurately, and while it may be that within a year England will be contending with France and Russia, it is not likely that such will be the case. It is not probable that in the near future Britain will be confronted with such a coalition as in 1778, when she was trying to subdue the revolted American colonies and had France and Spain and Holland on her hands, or as at the beginning of this century, when she had Napoleon to deal with. To a dispassionate observer it looks much as if Ireland threw away her opportunities for independence a century ago. But it may be said as an apology for the failure to act when the conditions were so favorable that the Irishmen of that day were not as brave or as patriotic or intelligent as their descendants of these times.

Indeed, Mr. Finerty himself seems to be of the opinion that the chances of Irish independence are not as good now as they were many years ago. The census statistics he gives show that the number of fighting men in Ireland has decreased one-half, while that in England and in Scotland has trebled. One island has grown far weaker and the other far stronger. Yet it must be admitted that the 4,700,000 Irish of 1891 are better clad, fed, housed, and in better shape to fight England—if they were so determined—than the 8,100,000 Irish of 1841. They are wealthier and better educated than their ancestors, and if told to their faces that they were being demoralized and their manhood destroyed they would resent it, like true sons of the "Old Sod."

Mr. Finerty finds the repeal by the English Parliament in 1820 of Ireland's tariff restrictions on English imports was one of the great causes of the woes and want of the island. That does not seem to be the opinion of Irishmen generally who come to this country. Fully 95 per cent of all the Irish who have become American citizens since 1820 have voted with the free trade Democratic party and for the opening of American ports to untaxed or slightly taxed British products. Without their votes for free trade the Democrats never could have carried a single Northern State at a Presidential election. The representatives of Irish constituencies in Parliament also seem to be in favor of free trade.

Mr. Finerty says that "Ireland never obtained anything from England by turning the other cheek to be smitten." But it has obtained a great deal during the last twenty-five years by appealing to the justice and intelligence of England and Scotland. Threats of pikes or dynamite explosions or Phœnix Park assassinations do not intimidate the British; but they listen, though tardily often, to arguments. The disestablishment of the Irish Episcopal Church with the abolition of its vexatious and opressive tithes, and the establishment of a free school system resulted from the force of argument and reason applied to the British mind. The present land laws and fixed rents, which are gradually purchasing out the non-resident landlord and conveying the soil to those who till it, were not passed because of the houghing of cattle or the shooting of landlord's agents. As for the change from wheat growing to grazing, that was due to the destructive competition of the cheap grain of the United States and other countries.

So long as England retains her sea power it is vain to think of the political independence of Ireland. Russia and France might combine against Britain. One might take India from her, and the other Egypt. But as long as "Britannia rules the deep" Ireland will remain hers. It may be the time will come when she will lose the power Nelson, Collingwood, Rodney, and her other sea captains won for her. It may be that Ulster will join the other provinces to oust British rule. It may be that her foes may sink or destroy her steel-clad fleets and then conquer Great Britain itself and then create Ireland an independent nation as Russia did Bulgaria. Whether it is worth while for individual Irishmen in this country to bank a part of their earnings and await the coming of that day is a question for them to decide as they see fit. If they do so decide, however, it would be safer for them to invest those funds themselves than to intrust them to persons whose business ability may not be as marked as their patriotic zeal, and who, trying to increase them by stock speculations, may dissipate them on invasions of Canada. [Very vague.] The management of revolutionary secret service funds never has been satisfactory to the contributors. O'Mahony died poor and Stephens is poor, but what became of all the money raised for the Fenian cause in 1866-'67? Did it all go in the Canadian invasion and in fitting out a Fenian navy? Was there no dispute as to what became of the funds of the Clan-na-Gael?

During the last twelve months a large number of American citizens of Irish birth or descent who have been much more active in the cause of Democracy than that of Ireland have been ousted from the lucrative city offices of this country they have been holding. They have no present prospect of regaining them, not even in New York. Can it be that as the taxpayers will not support them any longer they are determined the emotional Celts shall, and are passing around a hat, ostensibly for Ireland's benefit and really for their own? This is a hypothesis which should not be brushed scornfully aside. [Nonsense.] For while the Irish revolutionary records bear the names of many honest and sincere men, they bear also the names of embezzlers and traitors. Therefore it will be safer for Irishmen who want to contribute money, which may not be needed for several decades or generations, to put it where they will retain the control of it till the day comes for unfurling the green flag, and with the aid of France and Russia driving the Saxon out of the Emerald Isle and restore the greatness Erin enjoyed in the days of old "ere her faithless sons betrayed her."]

[THE CITIZEN will reply to this question in a future number. Another letter of Mr. Finerty's, and reply of *The Tribune* will be also dealt with.]

THE Knights of the Red Branch, San Francisco, Cal., celebrated the 131st anniversary of the birth of Theobald Wolfe Tone, founder of the United Irishmen, at the hall of the Order on the evening of June 20. The celebration was largely attended. Dr. J. P. O'Neil presided and made the opening address. The other exercises were as follows: The Day We Celebrate—response, Col. John O'Byrne. Song, "Who Fears to Speak of '98," Jeremiah Deasy. The Knights of the Red Branch, response, Judge M. Cooney. Song, "Patrick Sheehan," Michael Case. The K. R. B. Rifles, response, Chaplain McMahon. Song, "The Minstrel Boy," John Collins. Recitation, "Wolfe Tone's Tomb," Dr. O'Neil. Our Sister Societies, response, P. N. Hourahan. Song, "Wolfe Tone's Grave," J. J. Caniffe. "The Felons of Our Land," response, T. J. Donnelly. "God Save Ireland," audience.

MR. JAMES BONFIELD, the venerable father of ex-Inspector John Bonfield and Lieut. Bonfield, died at his city residence on Saturday of last week. Mr. Bonfield was one of the oldest and best known among the pioneer settlers of Chicago.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The immediate and pronounced success of the new operatic burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe," at the Schiller Theatre, has kept that handsome house crowded to the doors every night since its first performance. "Crusoe" is an unqualified triumph for Manager Prior, for Eddie Foy, the leading Chicago favorite in character comedy; for Marie Dressler, the accomplished and brilliant comedienne, who has made another great hit as Ophelia Crusoe, and for the other clever members of the American Burlesque Company. Very much was expected of this production, but such an immense popular success was scarcely anticipated. The *Post* of a few days ago, in speaking of its unequivocal triumphs, said: "Little Robinson Crusoe has kept thousands at the Schiller Theatre laughing every night this week, and the indications are that it will continue to do so for weeks to come." The *Tribune* says: "It is full of spice, brilliancy and life colors." The *Record*, June 22, says: "The second week of Little Robinson Crusoe opened with continued popularity. It is not at all extravagant to say that its success has been brilliant from the first performance." The *Journal* says: "That portion of the public which desires to be tickled and thoroughly amused should witness Little Robinson Crusoe at the Schiller."

The management of the Schiller announces a large advance sale, and for the benefit of those residing in the remote suburban districts and in the immediate country, a long distance telephone has been put into the Schiller box office, by which seats can be reserved by calling up Main Express 235.

Cabinet photographs of the principals will be presented to every lady attending the Saturday matinees. One picture will be given each week until the entire list of principals in the cast is completed.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

THE WOODS OF WISCONSIN.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

A feverish beat in the heart of the city,
A wan, haggard look on the faces that pass;
The whip of necessity cracks without pity,
And business, the slave-driver, urges the mass.
Poor atoms that drift on life's turbulent river,
'Mid hearts that are hardened and fee'-ings that freeze,
Oh, were we but once in
The woods of Wisconsin
How sweetly we'd rest 'neath the shade of the trees!

Not here the grand freedom that Nature is craving,
Not here the glad peace that is balm to the soul;
With grinding and grasping, with scheming and saving,
With days gray and sordid and nights dark in dole;
But, oh! for blue lakes amid tall forests glowing,
The fragrance of pines on the health-giving breeze—
Ay, were we but once in
The woods of Wisconsin
What joy would be ours in the shade of the trees!

While hot demon breath sends the fetid dust whirling,
And fierce beats the sun on humanity's hives,
The slime of the city is seething and swirling
In lungs and in livers, in hearts and in lives,
Dear heart-healing balsam that floats in the forest,
Beloved woodland air wafting solace and ease,
We wooed you when once in
The woods of Wisconsin,
We dreamed in delight 'neath the stately old trees.

Thus ever we sigh, with a passionate praying,
To leave the dull streets for the sun-dappled sward,
Where murmuring pines in the summer breeze swaying
Sound like the sweet soothing voice of the Lord;
For there dwelleth purity, rapture, and beauty,
The woul to invigor, the heart to appease—
'Twas thus we found once in
The woods of Wisconsin,
A Fountain of Life 'neath the shade of the trees!

—*Inter-Ocean, June 21.*

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

FOR THE PRINCIPLES OF TONE.

At the regular meeting of the Irish Literary Club of Nashua, N.H., June 18, the following resolutions were adopted endorsing the new movement:

WHEREAS, Advice having been received of a new movement having for its object a grand convention of men of the Irish race in the country to establish a definite policy for the complete independence of Ireland; be it

Resolved, That the Irish Literary Club of Nashua, N. H., heartily endorses the new movement and believes that such a meeting will advance the cause for which Tone, Fitzgerald, and Emmet fought and died, and will tend to obviate the noxious teachings of constitutional agitators.

T. A. MCCARTHY, D.D.S.
W. T. FITZGERALD.

IN HEARTY ACCORD.

The following resolutions were passed unanimously by the Robert Emmet Literary Association of Minneapolis, Minn., at a recent meeting:

WHEREAS, A convention of the Irish race in America is soon to assemble, whose aims and purposes will be to devise plans whereby the Irish race may by emancipated from the cruel grasp of the inveterate tyrant which has held it in subjection for seven centuries; and

WHEREAS, The inhuman and barbarous treatment accorded by her majesty's government towards the Irish people is subversive of the hopes and aspiration of nineteenth century civilization, and inimical to the best interests and welfare of the Irish people; and

WHEREAS, The indifference manifested by the present Rosebery regime as well as the hopeless dissentions which now exist in the Irish Parliamentary party, preclude the possibility of obtaining any redress for existing evils; or of attaining the proud position among the nations of the earth to which she is justly entitled; therefore by it

Resolved, That we are in hearty accord with the aims and objects of the aforesaid convention, and pledge our support to the result of its deliberations; and be it further

Resolved, That we call on all Irishmen who have the welfare of the motherland at heart to awake from their lethargy and cheerfully respond to such a noble and holy cause.

Committee on resolutions: John Collins, Thomas E. Bayle, Thomas O'Neill.

FOR AN INDEPENDENT IRELAND.

At a regular meeting of the Celtic Literary Association of Fall River, Mass., the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, Those of the Irish people in the United States whose love for Ireland never sleeps, are about in convention to assemble for the open organization of an independent movement aiming at Irish independence; and

WHEREAS, In view of past history and more recent parliamentary experiment and failure, a convention for such a purpose commends itself to the Irish race; be it therefore

Resolved, That the Celtic Literary Association of Fall River, Mass., hereby indorses and gives its heartiest approval to said movement, and pledges itself to render all possible aid in supporting and fostering the same, to the end that "The emerald gem of the western world," which "was set in the crown of a stranger," may be restored to its lawful owners, and that Irishmen may live in their native land under a free and independent government of the Irish people for the Irish people and by the Irish people.

WANT A BOLDER POLICY.

At a meeting of the Emmet Monument Association of Omaha, Neb., held on the 13th inst., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, A call has been made signed by representative men of our race, calling a convention towards furthering the independence of Ireland, and as any movement that will tend to accomplish that object has our unqualified support; be it

Resolved, That parliamentary agitation having failed to accomplish any real benefit for Ireland, and having proved a signal failure, and the efforts of the Irish people through their representatives in the British parliament having been ignored, we are of the opinion that a bolder policy should be adopted.

Resolved, That in the future the representatives of our people in parliament should demand their rights and not beg them, and failing in this we pledge ourselves to support them financially and otherwise, no matter how aggressive their policy may be.

Committee on resolutions: John M. McMahon, John Groves, P. C. Heafey.

The Irish people all over the world are disgusted with the political parasites that represent Ireland at Westminster. An equal number of Onondaga Indians could sit in parliament with more grace and dignity and with more justice to Ireland. Kick the scoundrels out.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Catholic Sun.*

Right you are, brother! But we will add that the British parliament is no place for an Irish Nationalist. Evil communications corrupt good morals.—*Irish Republic.*

The public is now convinced that the Healyites, the Redmondites, the McCarthyites, and the Harringtonites are a lot of blatherskites.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Catholic Sun.*

SCOTTISH PICNIC.

The annual picnic and festival of the Scottish Assembly will be held at Burlington Park on Saturday, August 3. Preparations are being made for a gathering of 25,000 people. The programme this year is of unusual interest, the popular drama, "Rob Roy," will be given. Five hundred young ladies in Highland costume will give the Scotch and Irish dances. Three thousand dollars will be offered in prizes for Caledonian games—an exciting "Tug of War" contest between an Irish and Scotch team for the championship. A five hundred dollar silver cup will be presented to the best drilled "Boys Brigade" belonging to any of the Chicago churches,—the First Regiment, I. N. G., will be in attendence. The Scottish people of Chicago extend to their Irish friends a strong and pressing invitation to join them on this happy occasion. Let all the Celts be one on Scotland's Day for "Auld Lang Syne."

LITERARY.

Star Publishing Co., Nos. 211-213 Madison street, Chicago, issued June 20, "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon," with sketches of "Life on the Plains and Mountains in Pioneer Days," by O. W. Nixon, A. M. M. D., President and Literary Editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, with introduction by Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., LL. D. Illustrated. Octavo. Vellum Cloth, $1.75. All booksellers. Also on July 1, "Lives and Campaigns of Grant and Lee." A comparison and contrast of the Deeds and Characters of the Two Great Leaders in the Civil War, by S. W. Odell, with introductory reminiscences by Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard and Bishop John P. Newman. Profusely illustrated. Subscription edition. Large Octavo.

Conquest of the Northwest.

In 1776, when independence was declared, the United States included only the thirteen original states on the seaboard. With the exception of a few hunters, there were no white men west of the Alleghany Mountains, and there was not even an American hunter in the great country out of which we have since made the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. All this region north of the Ohio River then formed a part of the Province of Quebec. It was a wilderness of forests and prairies, teeming with game, and inhabited by many warlike tribes of Indians.

Here and there through it were dotted quaint little towns of French creoles, the most important being Detroit, Vincennes on the Wabash, and Kaskaskia and Kahokia on the Illinois. These French villages were ruled by British officers commanding small bodies of regular soldiers or Tory rangers and creole partizans. The towns were completely in the power of the British government; none of the American states had actual possession of a foot of property in the Northwestern Territory.

The Northwest was acquired at the time of the Revolution only by armed conquest, and if it had not been so acquired, it would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada.

The man to whom this conquest was due was a famous backwoods leader, a mighty hunter, a noted Indian fighter—George Rogers Clark. He was a very strong man, with light hair and blue eyes, of a good Virginian family, who, early in his youth, embarked on the adventurous career of a backwoods surveyor, exactly as Washington and so many other young Virginians of spirit did at that period. He traveled out to Kentucky soon after it was opened up by Boone, and lived there for a year, either at the stations or camping by himself in the woods, surveying, hunting and making war against the Indians like any other settler; but all the time his mind was bent on vaster schemes than were dreamed of by the men around him. He had his spies out in the Northwestern Territory, and became convinced that with a small force of resolute backwoodsmen he could conquer it for the United States. When he went back to Virginia, Gov. Patrick Henry entered heartily into Clark's schemes and gave him authority to fit out a force for his purpose.—*Theodore Roosevelt in June St. Nicholas.*

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN.)

Is ann sin d'fhiafruigh Fionn do'n droing sin do bhi i n-a fhochair cia do rachadh d'fhaire agus d'fhorcheimeád na tulcha. Do fhreagair Fionn Bán mac Breasail Ui Bhaoiscne do'n righféinnidh agus adubhairt go rachadh féin ann. Ann sin thug Finn Bán lámh tapaidh deaghlaoich thar a leithanarmaibh agus do ghluais roimhe go h-árd na tulcha, agus do ghabh ag feuchain uadha ár gach taobh dhe, mar atá soir, siar, ba dhess agus ba thuaidh, agus nior chian dó an tan do chonnairc 'san áird anoir gacha ndireach d'á tonnsuighe an fómór fearrdha fórghrána, agus an dáil diabhalaidhe dodhealbha, agus an mogh modardha miosgiamhach; agus is amhlaidh do bhi agus sgiath dron dubh dathghrána dolibhir ar stuaighleirg a dhroma, agus cloidhimh claisleathan glanbhéimneach ar a chrois-shitasaid chiordhuibh chli, agus dhá shleigh shénnta shliunleathna nár tógbhadh cian d'aimsir roimhe sin i n-aimsir throda na thesgmhála le n-a ghualainn amach; brat briste bogshnáithcach ar uachtar a eire agus a éide, agus ba dhuibhe ná gual gabhann ar n-a bháthadh i n-uisge fhuar oidhreata gach aighe dhe. Capáil modardha miosciamhach creatlom le caolideirceadh liath ludartha fannchosach, agus aghastar athgharbh larnaidhe uirri agus é ag á tharraing 'nna dhiaidh. Agus ba h-longnadh mór nach d-tarraingeadh a cheann as a chamcholainn no as a mhuineul le gach tarraing d'á d-tugadh do'n aghastar athgharbh larnaidhe ag larraidh aistir agus imtheachta do bhuain aiste. Agus ba mhó ná sin an t-longantas nach d-tarraingeadh si-se na lámha fada sith-reamhra do bhi ag an bh-fear mór as compar a chéilbh le gach stad agus le gach fuireach dá ndeanadh uaidh ag dul tar a h-ais. Agus ba samhail le tormán tuinne tréan-móire gach buille bailc bhrigmhar buanláidir dá m-bualleadh an fear do'n luirgfhearsaid iarainn ar an g-capall ag larraidh aistir agus imtheachta do bhuain aiste. Agus ar n-a fheicsin sin d'Fhionn Bhán mhac Bhreasail do thuig aige féin nár chóir a leithid sin d'eachtrannach no d'allmhurach do léigean gan fhios ar Fhionn agus ar Fhiannaibh Eireann. Agus do ghluais roimhe i n-a chéimionnaibh tréan-luatha agus i n-a ghaisibh coslutha no go ráinig Fionn agus Fianna Eireann. Agus adubhairt an laoidh:

"Na Dee dod' bheannachadh, a Fhinn,
A fhir an chómhráidh chneasda;
Tangas féin dod' ghréasachtsa,
Mar do bhí orm eagla."
"Cread fá'r fhágbhais d'fhoraire,
A Fhinn Bháin, an le droch-sgeul?
Creud is fá dod' chorrachadh,
Fá'r leigis diót do choimead?"
"Dáil go n-droch-dheabh n-diabhlaidhe
Is mó gráin do'n druing daonna;
Ag teacht gus na Fiannaibh-se
Atá le siúbhal saothrach,
Each modardha miogiamhach
'Nna dhiaidh gan chéim dheithnis.
Aghastar athgharabh larrainn
Atá ar cheann ann eich sin
Dá shleigh shésta sheanleathna,
Atá aige d'á n-iomchar;
Agus lorg d'iarrann athleaghta,
A cloidheamh cruaidh le clorrbhadh;
Ag so fáth mo dheithnis-se,
Ní thiocfainn go tráthnóna!"

[LE SHEITH LEANTA.]

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CLEAR COAL COMPANY.

The Clear Coal and Mining Company, of this city, is an old established and most reliable firm. It has a large patronage which is daily increasing. Nothing but the best quality of coal is offered to customers, and at most reasonable prices. To this fact and to the untiring efforts of its president, Mr. M. E. Clear, the wonderful success achieved by this concern is attributable. We direct the attention of our readers to their advertisement in another column.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Germanic, sailing from New York June 26: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Cooke, Burt, Iowa; F. E. Zonne, F. F. Davis, H. D. Dickenson, H. S. Woodruff, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Edith Whittaker, Dubuque, Iowa; J. Kirkman, Mrs. Marshall M. Kirkman, Miss Minnie S. Kirkman, Tracy Kirklan, Miss Elizabeth, Fletcher, Miss Sarah M. Brayton, Dr. J. A. Bell, John H. Batten, Prof. and Mrs. Paul Shorey, William Hamilton Noyes.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARTHA S. O'BEIRNE.

We record with deep regret the death of Mrs. Martha S. O'Beirne, the beloved wife of Gen. James R. O'Beirne, of New York. When Mrs. Ford passed to her eternal reward a few weeks ago one of the most touching messages received by the bereaved family came from Gen. O'Beirne, who penned it at the bedside of his dying wife. The end of the vigil which Gen. O'Beirne so pathetically described came on last Saturday, when his noble wife breathed her last. Her life was a beautiful example of the dignity of true Christian womanhood. From her earliest years it was filled with usefulness and crowned with that broad charity which included all who suffer. Born in the house in Eighty-fourth street, near the Boulevard, where Poe wrote "The Raven" and many more of his weird tales, she knew the famous author well in her childhood. She was the daughter of Patrick Brennan, who, in the latter part of his life, was well known in New York. In 1861 she was married to Mr. O'Beirne, who was then a colonel in the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, Irish Rifles. Mrs. O'Beirne was deeply interested in charitable work connected with St. Ann's Infant Asylum, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and St. Rose's Industrial School, being largely instrumental in securing appropriations from congress for their maintenance. Since living in New York Mrs. O'Beirne had done much to further the success of the Catholic Protectory at Westchester, and had also been prominently identified with the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle. She was a sister of Thomas S. Brennan, ex-Commissioner of Street Cleaning. Funeral services over the body of Mrs. O'Beirne were held Monday morning in the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle at One Hundred and Eighteenth street and St. Nicholas avenue. A requiem mass was celebrated by the rector of the church, the Rev. John J. Keogan, assisted by the Rev. J. J. Mead and the Rev. Thomas R. Halpin. The pallbearers were the dead woman's brothers, ex-Commissioner Thomas S. Brennan, Louis Brennan, William Brennan and John Brennan. The children of the Convent of the Sacred Heart attended the funeral. Among those present were Commander Robert F. Heilferty, of Farragut Post No. 75, G. A. R., and a number of the members of the post. May her soul rest in peace. —*Irish World.*

DRS. WILLIAM B. AND ALPHONSE M. WALLACE.

Irish Nationalists on both sides of the ocean will learn with deep regret of the almost simultaneous death on June 7 of Dr. William B. Wallace and his son, Dr. Alphonse M. Wallace, of New York. Both died of pneumonia, the father at his home, No. 144 East Sixtieth street, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the son in an adjoining room at 7 o'clock in the evening of the date mentioned. Dr. Wallace was born in county Limerick, Ireland, fifty-three years ago. As a boy he went to England to live, but returned to Ireland to be educated for the priesthood at Mount Melleray College. This career he soon abandoned and entered All Hallows' College, Dublin, where he took his degree. Shortly afterward he married Miss Annie Hickey, whose brother is the Rev. Maurice Hickey, of St. Michael's church, Brooklyn. Dr. Wallace came to this country in 1868. Here he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, and was graduated in 1871. At the time of his death he was visiting physician of the City Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, and consulting physician of St. Joseph's Hospital in Yonkers. He was a member or the Medico-Legal Society, the Celtic Medical Society and the Catholic club. It was as an ardent Irish patriot, however, that Dr. Wallace was best known, for he was a leader in all the Irish national movements inaugurated in this country. He was considered one of the most eloquent orators in America, and was always liberal in subscribing to Irish political movements. Dr. Wallace was one of the organizers of the Irish National Land League of America, and a close friend of the late Richard O'Gorman. When the Irish Parliamentary party became divided, owing to the divorce suit brought by Capt. O'Shea, in which Parnell was named as co-respondent, Dr. Wallace became an advanced anti-Parnellite, and with Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the late Eugene Kelly and other well-known Irishmen, formed the Irish National Federation of America, of which he was elected vice-president, an office he held at his death. The younger Dr. Wallace was devoted to his father, and when the latter was stricken he became an anxious watcher at his bedside. Four days after his father he, too, was stricken with pneumonia. The younger Dr. Wallace was born in New York city, and was 27 years old. He was educated in the public schools and St. Francis Xavier college, and received his medical diploma from the College of Physicians and Surgeons seven years ago. The son was house physician at St. Vincent's Hospital, and for four years had been examining physician of the Department of Charities and Correction. He was a widower, his wife having died two years ago. The elder Dr. Wallace left a widow, two sons and three daughters. The funerals of father and son were held together in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Monday. They were buried in Calvary cemetery. Following the pallbearers were delegations from the Irish National Federation, the Catholic Benevolent Legion, Holy Name Society of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Irish Nationalists of New York, Clan-na-Gael Society, the American Legion of the Catholic club and the Celtic Medical Society. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated. The celebrant of mass was the rector of the cathedral, Rev. M. J. Lavelle; the deacon was the Rev. J. B. Daly; sub-deacon, the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, and the master of ceremonies, Rev. H. T. Newey.—*Irish World.*

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

As for the promise of "Comfort in Travel" by this road, as well as the speed and safety realized, the many thousands who pass over it will surely testify that it is kept to the letter.—*The Standard*, Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

Money for Women!

In these hard times ladies as well as men should improve every opportunity to increase their bank accounts; and any man or woman can make from $10 to $20 a day, if they will only try. I have not made less than $20 clear, any day the past year, and I had no experience and not very good health. My husband assisted me evenings. I put notices of the Dish Washer in the papers, but do not canvass any. I have examined particularly all the Dish Washers made, and find the Climax decidedly the best. Address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you just how to run the business. Every family wants a Climax Dish Washer, and will buy as soon as they get a chance, as you can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes without wetting the hands.

A READER.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

You will ride a Bicycle

Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business—men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges; but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

COLUMBIA

bicycle if you desire the best the world produces; a Hartford, the next best, if anything short of a Columbia will content you.

Columbias, $100; Hartfords, $80 $60; for boys and girls, $50.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Buffalo.

A Catalogue—comprehensive, beautiful—at any agency free, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. The book tells of all the new Columbias and Hartfords.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860.

M. V. GANNON. M. J. AGNEW. C. L. AMBERG.

GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

ROOM 66, MAJOR BLOCK,

COR. MADISON & LA SALLE STS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,025.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 5th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, for the sum of Eighteen Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the July Term, A. D. 1895. William Kirby vs. Ella Kenney and T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney. Attachment, No. 126,974.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Cook County, dated the 23rd day of February A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendants, T. A. Kenney and Ella Kenney, for the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney, shall personally be and appear before the said Circuit Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the third Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff, and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,148.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 12th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, for the sum of Nine Thousand Four Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARY A. RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary A. Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

MICHAEL J. DOHERTY, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANNIE MURRY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Annie Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

JAMES O'LEARY, Executor.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple,

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

AN ENGLISH CASUAL.

WHERE TRAMPS GET FOOD AND LODGING FOR WORK.

Josiah Flynt and a Companion Wind Up a Study of Tramp Life In England by a Visit to a "Spike"—Meeting With a Great Friend of Mark Twain.

Josiah Flynt, who has given interesting studies on tramp life in Germany and in this country, has extended his investigations to England. He writes a paper entitled, "Two Tramps In England" in Century. He and his companion, a German student, completed a tour through the provinces with an experience in a "casual" at Notting Hill, London. Mr. Flynt writes:

We appeared at the door of the ward about half past 7 in the evening. A little window was raised, and I stepped forward to state my business. Unconsciously I leaned against the sill of the window, which offended the inspector in charge considerably.

"What's your name?" he thundered. Still leaning on the sill, I gave him my name honestly enough. He then remarked to some person inside that we were not accustomed to such places evidently, and called out, "Stand back, will you!" Back I stood. He cried out again, "Take off your hat!" My hat came off instanter. Still again: "You come in here as if you was a meeleeonary. You're not. You're a casual." I was as meek as could well be. Ryborg was itching to grab the inspector with his long arms. The next question was as to where we had slept the night before.

"Straw stack," I replied.

"None of your impudence! You slept out. Why don't you say so? Have you got any money?"

"A hap'enny, sir."

"Hand it in." In it went. Then I had to tell my trade, which was that of a sailor, and naturally the next question was as to where I was bound.

"To Ameriky, sir, if I can ever get there."

"You're goin to tramp it, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir; that's my intention." But for the life of me I could not see how I was to reach America that way. I was so frightened that I would have told him anything he wanted.

When he was through with us, a kind hearted attendant took us in hand, gave us some gruel and bread, a bath, clean night shirts, and then a cell apiece, in which we slept very well.

As there were only four inmates that morning we were needed for the cleaning up, and so escaped stone breaking, which I dreaded exceedingly, and were put at various light occupations—or rather I was. Ryborg was the victim of his strength. Our breakfast consisted of the same dish as our supper of the night before. I was soon busy as general fireman, scrubber, knife cleaner, coal carrier, dish washer and helper of my sister sufferer, Mrs. Murphy, as she washed her task of towels and shirts. At noon we had pea soup and bread. I enjoyed it, but Ryborg did not. The poor fellow was feeling badly. He had had to scrub nearly 20 cells, and the bending over incident to such a feat had nearly broken his back. At dinner he said plaintively, "Flynt, I want to go home." "So do I," I replied, "but I fancy we're wanted here till tomorrow morning." This proved to be the case, but he felt better in the afternoon and got through comfortably, wheeling nearly a ton of stone from some of the cells to the general pile. He earned his "keep," if ever any poor prisoner did.

I fear I was more shiftless, for about the middle of the afternoon the attendant who was with me at the furnace said: "You might as well rest. Just keep your eye on the fires, that's all." It was kind of him, and as I had at least earned my pea soup and gruel I took his advice. He was kinder to me, I think, because I gave him a corncob pipe which he had had to take away from me the night before. During the day he had asked me several questions about it, and I said, "It's a very decent sort of pipe—coolinlike, you know."

"Doesn't Mark Twain always smoke one o' them pipes?" said he.

"Blest if I know," said I, "but I can well think it."

"I'm a great friend of Mark Twain," he pursued, "an I'm a-thinkin o' gettin one o' them pipes, jest out of respect for him."

"Well," said I, "permit me in the name of your respect to present you with my pipe. Besides you've got it anyhow." He thanked me profusely, and promised to keep it forever. Later in the day he reported it to be just as I had said, "sort o' coolin like." And he was a good friend to me all the rest of my stay in the Notting Hill station.

On Wednesday morning we were turned loose with our two ha'pennies. We were both so happy that we decided to get off the road that very day.

We had been tramps for three weeks, and had walked most of this time fully 15 miles a day. So we looked up my friend at the Temple, and in a few hours were respectable again. That same day I took my tramp clothes out to the casual ward and presented them to my friend the attendant. I had told him the day before that I expected to get new "togs" soon, and he had put in a plea for my old ones. Good luck to him and them.

The Reason Why.

New Parson—Which do you like best, Willie, your day school or your Sunday school?

Willie—My Sunday school.

New Parson—I am glad to hear that. Why do you like your Sunday school the best?

Willie—Because it is only once a week.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Particular.

Conductor—That's a French coin, sir. I can't take it.

Passenger—You can't? You gave it to me in change this morning.

Conductor—Well, you see, I'm more particular than you are.—London Quiver.

IT ANNOYED HIM.

He Came From the West and Was Puzzled That New Yorkers Knew It.

His coat was a trifle too long and his trousers an inch too wide at the knee to be strictly and exactly fashionable; but, aside from these nice discriminations, he was dressed according to the dictates of the fashion autocrats.

We took the "L" together at Park place, and I noticed a puzzled expression, half amusement, half annoyance, on his face. At Thirty-third street he surrendered his seat to an elderly woman and stood in the aisle in front of where I sat. It was evident that he was anxious to tell some one of the subjects on his mind, so I was not surprised when he caught my eye and opened the conversation.

"Just now," he said, "as I was hurrying to the station, a man caught hold of my arm and stopped me. He was a respectable looking fellow, well clothed, and wore a grayish beard parted in the middle.

"'I've been on a drunk,' the man said to me, 'and I am sobering up. I live in Hackensack, and I want to get home. I haven't a cent and want a quarter.'

"I looked him over carefully," continued my chance acquaintance, "concluded he was telling the truth and gave him the money. As I hurried on, he shouted after me:

"'I knew you were from the west, and I knew you would give me the money. They are white out there!'

"Now, what I want to know," said my acquaintance, "is how did he know I was from the west? It's true, but how did he know it? Would you know it? Am I marked? Have I any tag on me to tell others that I am a westerner?"

"None that I know of," I assured him, "unless it be such little things as giving your seat up to ladies. That generally indicates that a man is not a native New Yorker."

I got out at Fiftieth street and left him with the same quizzical expression as if the question had been only half answered.—New York Journal.

DRINK WITH MEALS.

Liquid Food an Aid to Digestion, and Cold Drinks Refresh Heated Persons.

The incessant adjuration not to drink with meals we have always held the reverse of truth from theory and from experience. The latter is that dry meals cause heartburn, the former shows that splitting up the meal of solid food with liquid acts precisely like splitting logs of wood into kindling for the fire, giving the digestive fluid easy access to the small particles, instead of sizzling and making gas on the outside of a wad of thick paste. And the talk of diluting the gastric juice is nonsense, because the surplus fluid drains quickly through the stomach. Better drink too much than too little.

We are glad now to be re-enforced by an English sporting man, Mr. Horace Hayes, who says that drinking nothing during or for an hour and a half after meals is the best of ways to train down weight, but he cannot do it because it always brings on rheumatism—probably from the solid food producing overconcentrated salts in the circulation, and consequent deposits in the muscular fiber. The same writer says that the notion about animals being injured by giving them a drink when heated is a stupid and cruel piece of barbarism; that it only does them harm when the drink is very cold, by producing nervous shocks as it would to a man, while if the chill is taken off it first, it refreshes a heated horse to take a good drink just as it does a heated human being.—Travelers' Record.

We Are Slaves to Greed.

If to be free is to live in a country (the United States) where you are in mortal dread of the press and the police, where you are heartily ashamed of having any one connected with you engaged in politics, where corruption reigns in every department of the government and the municipalities, where the only aristocracy is that of wealth and not of honor, and where the liberal professions are all counted lower than Wall street, where, in effect, men are the veritable slaves of greed and gain, why, give me the old fashioned slavery of the old country and the domination of some recognized house which is at least the fountain of honor.

One doesn't have to apologize in England for going to court, but it seems a necessity in America if one is in any way connected with the White House. When I first came here, I thought a member of the house of representatives held a position at least analogous to the average member of parliament. I find, on the contrary, he is about as much esteemed as an outside broker on the Stock Exchange, and for much the same reasons.—Temple Bar.

Marriage of the Adriatic.

"The Marriage of the Adriatic" was instituted in commemoration of a naval victory won by Sebastian Ziavi, doge of Venice, over Otto, son of Frederick Barbarossa, 1174. In consequence of this victory Pope Alexander III, who had been driven to take refuge in Venice, gave to the doge the sovereignty of the sea, and every year the doge used to go in grand procession in his state barge and throw a gold ring into the Adriatic, saying, "With this ring I thee wed." Flowers were then thrown into the sea, and the procession returned. The sentence delivered by the doge on the occasion was literally, "Despousamus te Mare nostrum in signum veri perstuique domini."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Appeased.

He (just introduced)—What a very ugly man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson.

Mrs. Hobson—Why, that is Mr. Hobson.

He (equal to the occasion)—Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the ugly men always get the prettiest wives.—London Answers.

QUEER LANGUAGE.

The "Camphor Tongue" of a Wild but Inoffensive Race.

One of the queerest languages in the world, used for the queerest purposes, is the "camphor language" of Johore, a country of the Malay peninsula. It has lately been studied and reported upon by Mr. Lake, an English engineer in the service of the sultan of Johore. This language is called the "Pantang Kapor," or camphor language, and is used by the natives and all others who are engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree and only at that time. If they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, the natives believe that they could not obtain any camphor, and for a most curious reason. The camphor tree, Dryoblanops camphora, grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is a sort very highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense and in medicine, and the gum brings much more than the common camphor.

The Malayans and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor tree is known by the name of Bisan—literally "a woman." Her resting place is near the trees, and when at night a peculiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing, and camphor will surely be found in the neighborhood. But the spirit of the camphor tree seems to be jealous of the precious gum and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it she will endeavor to turn their steps aside. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue which she does not understand. For this purpose the "camphor language" has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered and reversed, and the natives positively believe that the divinity of the camphor tree is completely confused. The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of people, but inoffensive. They live together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls and perhaps a tame horubill in perfect harmony under movable leaf shelters built on poles in the woods.—Boston Traveller.

The Invincible Armada.

The invincible armada was a famous naval expedition sent by Philip II of Spain against England in 1588. It consisted of 130 vessels, 2,430 great guns, 4,575 quintals of powder, nearly 20,000 soldiers, above 8,000 sailors and more than 2,000 volunteers. It arrived in the English channel on July 19 and was defeated the next day by Admiral Howard, who was seconded by Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. Eight fire ships having been sent into the Spanish fleet, they bore off in great disorder. Profiting by the panic, the English fell upon them and captured or destroyed a number of their ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from July 21 to July 27, with such effect that the Spanish commander, despairing of success, resolved to return home, and as escape through the English channel was prevented by contrary winds he undertook to sail around the Orkneys, but the vessels which still remained to him were dispersed by storms or shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows on different parts of the Scottish and Irish coast, and upward of 5,000 men were drowned, killed or taken prisoners. Of the whole armada 53 ships only returned to Spain, and these in a wretched condition. The English lost but one ship.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Animals That Commit Suicide.

Intelligent observers have testified to facts which appear to show that in certain circumstances the snake, scorpion and even some quadrupeds commit suicide. M. Henry, a clock manufacturer of Longuyon, France, has recently described an experiment of the kind which he made with a wasp. The wasp was imprisoned under a glass, and knowing that benzine asphyxiates insects he put some paper soaked in it beside the captive. The wasp became uncomfortable, then angrily attacked the paper, but finding all its efforts unavailing it finally lay down on its back, and folding up its abdomen planted its sting thrice into its body. M. Henry was so curious to confirm the fact that, in spite of his humane feelings, he repeated the experiment on three wasps with the like result.—London Globe.

The Scholars of France.

As a sample of the payment of distinguished scholars in this country it may be mentioned that M. Gaston Boissier, who was lately elected life secretary of the Academy, only received $600 annually as rector of the College de France. In his new position he is entitled to $1,200, or double the sum paid him as head of the great educational establishment over which Ernest Renan ruled. The immortals, according to the foundation rules, are supposed to be paid $300 yearly, in addition to their fees for attending meetings. As a matter of fact, however, they only receive $200 annually. The remainder of the sum forms a sinking fund, out of which eight aged academicians get allowances, if their private annual income falls short of $1,200.—Paris Letter.

Unjust Fate.

"Here is another one of them plutes," said Mr. Dismal Dawson, "in the paper that says he never was so happy as when he was working by the day."

"Well?" ventured Mr. Everett Wrest, with languid interest.

"Well, you say? W'y, it is jist this. Here is a feller that really likes work rollin in more money than he kin count, and here is you and me, that money would do some good. I guess you know where we are at without no furder words."—Cincinnati Tribune.

SOCIETY.

I looked and saw a splendid pageantry
Of beautiful women and of lordly men
Taking their pleasure in a flowery plain
Where poppies and the red anemone
And many another leaf of cramoisy
Flickered about their feet and gave their stain
To heels of iron or satin, and the grain
Of silken garments floating far and free
As in the dance they wove themselves or strayed
By twos together or lightly smiled and bowed
Or courtsied to each other or else played
At games of mirth and pastime, unafraid
In their delight, and all so high and proud
They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

I looked again and saw that flowery space
Stirring, as if alive, beneath the tread
That rested now upon an old man's head
And now upon a baby's gasping face
Or mother's bosom or the rounding grace
Of a girl's throat, and what had seemed the red
Of flowers was blood in gouts and gushes shed
From hearts that broke under that frolic pace,
And now and then from out the dreadful floor
An arm or brow was lifted from the rest,
As if to strike in madness or implore
For mercy, and anon some suffering breast
Heaved from the mass and sank, and as before
The revelers above them thronged and pressed.

—William Dean Howells.

SHE WAS AFRAID.

And Took Particular Care to Outwit Those Wicked Night Doctors.

Mme. Kirkholder's servant was getting ready to go home for the night. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening. Just as her bonnet was on her head and her hand on the door to depart, Mme. Kirkholder noticed that the face was aglow with grease—a liberal coat—from ear to ear.

"Tut, tut, Katie!" remonstrated Mme. Kirkholder. "Wash your face before you go. You mustn't go home with such a looking face as that."

Katie muttered something, and taking off her bonnet turned to the sink, as if about to make the improvements suggested. It chanced that just as Katie was again about to depart Mme. Kirkholder was amazed to find her countenance even more tremendous in grease than before.

"What on earth is the matter with your face, Katie?" asked Mme. K. "Why don't you wash away that grease?"

"I'se afeard of dem yar night doctahs," said Katie faintly.

"What's that?" queried Mme. K. "The night doctors. What in the name of goodness is a night doctor, and what have they to do with you?"

"Why de night doctahs done cotch yo'," replied Katie in a horrified whisper, "an dey takes yo' an bleeds yo' to def. 'Deed dey does. Dey cotches yo' an puts a plastah over yo' mouf so yo' can't squall, an lugs a pusson off som'res an bleeds 'em till dey's daid. An dat's why I done greases all roun my mouf. Dat's so no plastah won't stick, an of day teches me I'll holler like a wildcat, an yo' bet dey'll done drap me an mosey off. 'Deed I'se 'feared, Mis Kukholdah, to go outen de dark onless my mouf is greased." Mme. K. said no more, and when Katie slammed the back gate her face was like unto a pan of lard.—Washington Star.

What Cæsar Said.

A little girl lately asked her mother how to pronounce Cæsar's famous laconic utterance. "I really don't know what to tell you," was the answer. "When I studied Latin, we said 'Veni, vidi, vici,' exactly as it is spelled. A few years later they began to use what was called the continental pronunciation and said, 'Veene, veede, veeke.' Now I fancy your collegiate sister would tell us that it was Weene, weede, weeke." The collegian was appealed to accordingly and announced: "No; there is a later way still. We say, 'Wainee, weedee, wechee,' for the very latest." As Lowell complained in his old age, who can pretend to keep up with the gibberish into which the classics are being turned by modern teachers of them?—Philadelphia Press.

A Means of Disinfecting Wells.

Heavy rains are apt to contaminate wells and spread disease; hence Dr. Franck has brought under the notice of the Polytechnic society of Berlin a means of disinfecting wells, which he employs with success. It consists in suspending in the mouth of the well an earthenware dish containing 50 to 100 grams (a gram is about 15 grains) of bromine, which, being volatile in air, forms a dense vapor that fills the well, and is absorbed by the water, thus disinfecting it. The water, it is true, has a slight taste of bromine for a time, but is wholesome enough.—London Globe.

How It Was.

"And where's Sappeigh?" inquired the returned clubman, who was posting himself. "Is he still courting that bright western girl?"

"Oh, no," replied his friend. "She jollied him for six months or more and fooled him at last."

"Ah," with a sympathetic sigh, "she rejected him, did she?"

"Not much. She married him."—Detroit Free Press.

The English Soldier.

An English soldier coming on duty was heard to say to his comrade, "Well, Jim, what's the orders at this post?" Jim replied, "Why, the orders is you're never to leave it till you're killed, and if you see any other man leaving it you're to kill him."—"Recollections of a Military Life," General Sir John Adge.

In skilled labor, such as that of the blacksmith, wagon maker, shoemaker and the like, the proportion of foreign to native labor in the United States is not so large as in unskilled labor.

The winter of 1812 and 1813 was one of the most severe ever known in Russia, a fact which partially explains the terrors of the retreat from Moscow.

The Appalachicola river, in Florida, took its name from that of an Indian town on its banks, Apalachicoli, meaning "an old town or fort."

WHAT A GOOD KNIFE COSTS.

More Men Spend $3 For a Pocketknife Than Less That Amount.

"More men pay $3 and upward for a pocketknife than less. That may not be the experience of all cutlery dealers, but that's the kind of trade we cater to," said a knife expert from behind the counter of a store on one of the most frequented of down town streets. "Spaniards spend the most money for knives," he continued. "Spaniards who come here are very fastidious in the matter of cutlery anyway. Where an American family in the same circumstances will be content with the ordinary plated tableware, costing $4 or $4.50 a dozen, a Spaniard will have nothing but the finest steel with ivory handles, at $18 and over. The average business man spends usually about $3 for a four bladed knife. If he loses a knife often, as many men do, he comes down to $2, then to $1. Most expensive knives are bought for presents. Four dollars buys an excellent gift. Last season many knives were given for prizes at euchre parties. Such knives were usually the fancy ones, with half a dozen blades or attachments. That big 7 inch knife there is a hunter's knife. It costs $4.

"A man who buys that will take it to the Adirondacks, and when he leaves there present it to his guide. We have one customer who buys three of those knives every year. He gives them to his guides, he says. We sell nearly 150 of them every year. This heavy one here with a big steel hook is a horseman's knife. It costs $7. The hook is used for digging out a stone from the horse's hoof. It has, as you see, other attachments, such as a corkscrew, screwdriver, nut cracker, awl, gimlet and a score of things for other useful or useless purposes, according to the point of view. We sell many of them, probably more than any other one kind. Sailors usually buy pretty good knives. They and Italians go in for big, sharp knives that should be handy in case of defense. Pretty nearly every trade has a peculiar knife. That's one reason why a well equipped cutlery shop makes such a formidable display. Knives cost all the way from 50 cents to $25. We don't sell many at the latter price."—New York Press.

Forge and Furnace of the Future.

The opinion is expressed by a writer in The Mechanical News that the forge and furnace of the future will consist of a lead lined glass or porcelain vase, or cupola, filled with cold acidified water, to which is connected a strong positive conductor, the forge and outfit being rendered complete by a pair of tongs with insulated handles attached to a flexible negative conductor. According to this plan, the smith seizes the piece of iron which is to be manipulated with the insulated tongs and plunges it into the sour water, which begins to boil and bubble the instant it comes in contact with the iron, the latter, in a remarkably short space of time, turning to a red and then to a white heat, ready for the work of the smith. So rapidly indeed is the heating done by this means that the water and the portion of the iron not immersed in the water are but slightly warmed. The principle involved in this process is of a simple and well known character—resistance producing the light and heat—it being found that enormous heat can be produced by such a method, much greater, in fact, than is necessary to extract iron from the most refractory ores. It is remarked that the value of such a process will be especially exhibited in the more complete and rapid handling of heavy iron and steel plates and bars requiring to be hammered and welded—more valuable still for tempering purposes, as the necessary heat for the immersed portion can be so quickly obtained, while the remaining portion holds comparatively cool.

Routed the Bull.

A lumberman attached to John Crane's camp, up beyond the Katahdin Iron works in Maine, was tramping across to a pond late one November evening when he ran upon a bull moose.

The lumberman had no rifle, so he yelled and waved his arms, expecting that the broad antlered bull would dash fear stricken down the mountain. But it didn't. It rushed for the lumberman. He dodged about a tree and dropped his ax. For ten minutes he dodged, half scared to death. Then he climbed the tree.

The bull butted the tree with its antlers until it swayed to and fro, and then walked away a few yards and rested. The lumberman yelled some more. When he could yell no longer, he set his wits to work. Just above him was a dead limb. He broke it off, and as the bull advanced again he set the wood afire and dropped it on the bull's back. With a bellow it ran down the mountain. The half frozen lumberman made a line for camp.—New York World.

An Extraordinary Freak.

A citizen of Tampa, Fla., is the owner of a wonderful curiosity in the shape of a pair of deer's horns in which one of the prongs ends in a startling malformation. Four inches from the place where it branches from the main horn this prong suddenly enlarges into a bulbous growth nearly as large as a man's fist, and it is in this excrescence that the wonder lies. The bulb is in the form of a hound's head, plainly showing ears, mouth, eyes, etc. It was "taken in the down," and were it otherwise it is impossible that it could be a work of art, owing to the enlargement necessary for the freak.—St. Louis Republic.

A Rope Barometer.

In the office of the Des Moines Register is the best barometer in the state. It consists of an ordinary rope attached to the carrier box between the first and fourth floors, making it nearly 60 feet long. This rope is wonderfully sensitive to changes in the atmosphere. At least 24 hours before the average rain it begins to tighten by the absorption of moisture. Its predictions nearly always come true.

WHAT THE DUKE HAS COST.

Has Received Salaries of Many Offices and Gifts of More Than $3,500,000.

The Duke of Cambridge, the queen's cousin, is one of the fat kine who have managed to pick up a decent living at the expense of the British taxpayers without that enormous amount of service that might be supposed to cover the income they receive.

He was the son of the tenth child of George II, who was created Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Tipperary and Baron Calloden, and who died in 1850. George, the second and present duke, was voted an annuity of $60,000 a year when his father died, and the orphan's path was made tolerably easy. Joseph Hume, the well known economist, voted to reduce this amount by one-half, but could find only 52 members to go with him in the lobby.

The young duke was a soldier. John Bright moved to limit the duke's income to the $60,000 from all sources, but this very reasonable proposition was defeated—108 to 39. The duke graduated in army emoluments in 1839, when at 18 years of age he became a colonel. Eight years later he was a major general, in which capacity he held some of the most lucrative posts in the service; in 1854 a lieutenant general, and was given the command of a Crimean division; in 1856 a general on full pay, and six years later a field marshal at $22,500 a year, with the command in chief.

Every step, notably the last, was over the heads of able and veteran officers, grown gray in the country's service. In 1861 he was made colonel of the Grenadier guards, and as this greatly coveted military appointment, with its $10,660 a year, has for 27 years been retained by one already overloaded with public money and honors, it can be imagined how much assistance army economists and reformers are likely to get from the head of the service.

H. R. H. also resides at Gloucester House, free of rent, rates and taxes, an immunity which must be at least worth about $10,000 a year, and this privilege he has enjoyed since 1857. The duke has also since 1852 been ranger of St. James, Green and Hyde parks and since 1857 ranger of Richmond park, all little pickings of salaries making a sum equal to $12,500 a year apiece or about $65,000. Besides this he is colonel of the artillery and the engineer regiments.

To all hints that he might resign and let some other soldier have a chance at the lucrative and honorable position as head of the army the duke has turned a deaf ear. If the British nation does not know when it has a good servant, George, duke of Cambridge, is fully alive to the fact that he has a good master, and is in no hurry to quit.

An estimate of the amount of money the Duke of Cambridge has drawn from the British people since he did them the honor of seeking a living at their expense brings the sum total to near £700,000, or about $3,500,000. The amount that he has cost the nation by opposition to ideas of military reform is not so easily estimated. Perhaps there are two sides to that question. The ordinary side seems to have only one, and a well buttered one, too, for the duke.—Boston Globe.

Richard Vaux and Thomas Moore.

The following old story of the late Richard Vaux is worth reviving. Late in the thirties Mr. Vaux attended a musicale at the house of a noble patroness of the arts in Dublin, and there met the immortal Tom Moore. The poet sang a number of his melodies, accompanying himself on the piano. Afterward Mr. Vaux was presented to the poet. "He shook me warmly by the hand," said Mr. Vaux, in telling the story, "and, without relinquishing his grasp, took me to a sofa, where we sat together.

"'So, Mr. Vaux, you are from the United States?' said the poet. 'Pray tell me from which one of your sovereignties?' 'Pennsylvania and Philadelphia.' 'Oh, Philadelphia! Yes, yes. I remember my stay there. Its Quaker citizens, their simplicity, earnestness and quiet truthfulness impressed me very much. Well, tell me, has it changed in latter times? I wish I was young enough to go back to America. I shall always regret some of the mistakes I made while in America. Unfortunately they are written. Do tell me if I have yet some friends in your country.'

"I assured him that in the villages and towns and great cities his melodies were among the household gods. He seemed pleased, and sang for me 'The Last Rose of Summer.' A short time afterward, coming to me, he said: 'May I ask you a favor? I feel a little exhausted—not very well, and possibly, as your carriage is here, you will accompany me home.' In a few minutes we entered the carriage, and leaving him at his lodgings I departed."—Philadelphia Record.

Only a Few of Them.

Napoleon was really an Italian who was so ashamed of his nationality as to Frenchify even his name. But he did not allow his animosity to end here. Every Italian who came to court at France was subject to what we should call a "roasting" on the score of his nationality. Even the ladies were not spared, and once when Bonaparte was talking with a brilliant young Italian countess he suddenly broke out with:

"Madam, is it true, as they say, that Italians are liars?"

Sweeping low, the lady replied:

"Buona parte, sire, Buonaparte!"—Boston Budget.

She Lost It.

Little Nellie persisted in rocking backward and forward in her high chair at the breakfast table.

"Don't do that, dear," advised mamma. "You will lose your balance."

Nellie heard, but heeded not. In another moment she was thrown from her perch, and without crying a sound looked earnestly about her.

"What are you doing, Nellie?" asked mamma anxiously.

"I'm looking for my balance," whimpered Nell.—Exchange.

CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST.

It Was Acquired From the British by Force of Arms.

In 1776, when independence was declared, the United States included only the 13 original states on the seaboard. With the exception of a few hunters, there were no white men west of the Alleghany mountains, and there was not even an American hunter in the great country out of which we have since made the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. All this region north of the Ohio river then formed a part of the province of Quebec. It was a wilderness of forests and prairies, teeming with game and inhabited by many warlike tribes of Indians.

Here and there through it were dotted quaint little towns of French creoles, the most important being Detroit, Vincennes, on the Wabash, and Kaskaskia and Kahokia, on the Illinois. These French villages were ruled by British officers commanding small bodies of regular soldiers or Tory rangers and creole partisans. The towns were completely in the power of the British government. None of the American states had actual possession of a foot of property in the Northwestern territory.

The northwest was acquired at the time of the Revolution only by armed conquest, and if it had not been so acquired it would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada.

The man to whom this conquest was due was a famous backwoods leader, a mighty hunter, a noted Indian fighter—George Rogers Clark. He was a very strong man, with light hair and blue eyes, of a good Virginian family, who, early in his youth, embarked on the adventurous career of a backwoods surveyor, exactly as Washington and so many other young Virginians of spirit did at that period. He traveled out to Kentucky soon after it was opened up by Boone and lived there for a year, either at the stations or camping by himself in the woods, surveying, hunting and making war against the Indians like any other settler. But all the time his mind was bent on vaster schemes than were dreamed of by the men around him. He had his spies out in the Northwestern territory and became convinced that with a small force of resolute backwoodsmen he could conquer it for the United States. When he went back to Virginia, Governor Patrick Henry entered heartily into Clark's schemes and gave him authority to fit out a force for his purpose.—Theodore Roosevelt in St. Nicholas.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

They Are Not Only the Stronger but the Better Half In That Country.

Women are the stronger as well as the better half of France. They do everything but build houses. The best inspector in the French custom house is a woman. She is in the Havre office, and she has a nose that can detect dutiable goods without opening a lock. She is naturally amiable and slow to anger, but woe to the foreigner or countryman who provokes her ire.

There is no sadder spectacle in the republic of France than the women shoe polishers, who doze under the sheds of the markets and quay, one eye shut and t'other fixed on the bootbox over the way, patiently waiting for trade. They ask 5 cents and accept 2 cents for their unwomanly work.

At Thiers, the blackest town in France, the women sit outside of the grimy little machine shops mating scissor blades and polishing knife and scissor handles. The stream that turns the 10,000 little mill wheels is blacker than the Chicago river, and as the furnaces never burn without belching the toilers and their devoted lifelong apprentices are sometimes Malay and sometimes Mongolian, but seldom Caucasian in color.

Not long ago a college woman went down to Thiers to teach school for the winter. The promise of 80 pupils was a temptation, but on reaching the colony of soot begrimed and smoke stained smithies she found that the position paid $5 a month, and the teacher was expected to furnish the fuel for the winter.—Philadelphia Times.

Sweet Peas.

Whether sweet peas can be successfully planted in autumn depends largely on the latitude, says Garden and Forest. In the southern states fall planting is a necessity, for this is the only way to give the plants a cool soil in which to make a strong, early root growth. Coming farther north, fall planting is safe up to perhaps the latitude of Washington, where the chances are about equal between planting in late autumn and in February. In southern California peas must be brought into bloom as early as February, although the nights are so cool there that they may be planted during any month in the year. The rule observed by the large seed growers is to plant just ahead of the rainy season. Indeed they have acres of volunteer sweet peas—that is, from seed which were scattered on the ground during the harvest—and 45 miles south of San Francisco these volunteer plants are in bloom by the 1st of May and often early in April.

Dr. Wilde's Queer Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wilde of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to expend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St. Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a sancer with three dice upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

Plain.

Mary Jane—Why does the man in the middle o' the diamond stand and hold the ball so long and make faces at the man with the bat?

Abner—Can't you see? Wants to make him so mad he can't hit it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DAKOTA'S SHELL MOUNDS.

Twin Hills on the Prairies Made Up of Oyster Shells.

In the south central portion of North Dakota lies a butte, or mountain, which is a wonderful relic of an ancient era when the ocean covered the state. It is really two buttes, 200 or more feet in height, which are composed of little else than oyster shells. They are in the extreme southwestern part of Logan county, about 75 miles southwest of this city, and probably 35 miles east of the Missouri river. The base of the butte, which at a height of about 100 feet is divided and forms two peaks, each about 100 feet high, is about three-quarters of a mile in length, oblong in shape and lies extended in a northeastern and southwestern direction. The sides are precipitous, except at the southern extremity, where it is possible to drive part way up.

The butte lies in a region almost entirely settled by Russians, and none, so far as could be learned, has even visited it or even given it a name. It is a conspicuous landmark, visible for miles in every direction, as it towers above the surrounding rolling prairie and the valley of the Beaver—a tributary of the Missouri river—near which it is located. Very little vegetation is found on the butte besides prickly pear and in favored spots bunches of grass. The northern end of the butte, which has borne the brunt of wind and rain for numberless centuries, is scarred and eaten away and presents almost vertical walls to the northwest winds. Here and there on its face are huge blocks of the cemented shells, which form a kind of rock, which from a distance appears ready to fall outward and downward with a crash. The jutting crags and rocks make a wild and picturesque sight.

The southern peak, which can only be surmounted after a stiff climb, is nearly flat on top, oval in contour, and nothing is visible on the surface but oyster shells, some of them whole, as though just opened of their contents, some crumbling to dust, as though extremely old, while on every hand are broken shells of all sizes. An excavation on the surface reveals naught but more shells and a slight intermixture of gravel.

The other peak is somewhat different in character and contour, though this, like the other, is composed of nothing but shells. It is rougher, and the shells seem to have been united into a kind of rock which defies the wind and weather. This is separated from the butte by a huge block 10 or 12 feet square and is almost as true a cube in general outline as though the hammer and wedge of the stonecutter had fashioned it. Here and there, projecting from the sides, are at intervals large shells which countless frosts have failed to loosen. A small cave has been discovered in the side of this peak. Shells form its roof, its sides and its floor. The butte is isolated, with no hills approaching it in height to be seen in any direction for miles.—Jamestown (N. D.) Letter in Minneapolis Journal.

The Sphere of Silence.

There are things too low to be spoken of, which indeed become low by being spoken of. The appetites are of this kind. They were meant to be the beginnings of action rather than the end of speech, and under the dropping of words they are as wholesome food analyzed into constituent poisons. God lights that fire, and does not want our breath to blow it, or the fuel of our thought to feed it. The inferior impulses in man are glorified by being placed at the natural disposal of higher sentiments. They are submitted to the transforming power of generous aspiration and great ideas. Wielded by these, they are far above the level of sense, and are not only controlled by conscience, but dignified by the light of beauty, and ennobled by the alliance of affection. Their just action is secured far less by repressive discipline against them than by nourishing the strength of the humanities that use them, by keeping them wholly inattentive to themselves, by breaking every mirror in which their own face may be beheld.

Purity of mind is forfeited less by exceeding rules of moderation than by needing them, by intuition of the inferior pleasures as such. There might be less of moral evil in the rude banquet of heroic times, marked perhaps by excess, but warmed by social enthusiasm, and idealized by lofty minstrelsy, than in many a meal of the prudent dietician, setting a police over his sensations, and weighing out the scruples of enjoyment for his palate. Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our emancipation from the animal nature.—Dr. Martineau.

Rapid Bridge Building.

In the building of bridges the question of speed is a very important one. When the bridge costs $1,000,000 or more, it becomes important to save interest, and it is always important to reduce as much as possible the period during which the unfinished work is exposed to danger from sudden floods, ice jams and other causes. Says a writer in Professor Shaler's "United States of America:"

A remarkable instance of the speed with which the American bridge can be erected occurred in the case of the Cairo bridge of the Illinois Central railroad over the Ohio river.

The two channel spans of that bridge are each more than 500 feet long. The trusses are 61 feet deep and stand 25 feet apart. The total weight of each span is a little more than 2,000,000 pounds.

One of these spans was erected in six days. The false work on which the span was built was then taken down; the piles were drawn and redriven for the second span; the false work again erected on the piles, and the second span built. The whole time used in erecting the two great spans and moving the false works was one month and three days, and this time included five days lost in waiting for the completion of certain masonry. This is the quickest time in bridge building of which there is any record.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.
State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.
County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st; T. A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuoby, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; Wm Territt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, v p; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, RS, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5620 Dyer st; Thos Gallizer, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4236 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2956 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patck J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoriasts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4344 46th st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2499 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qusley s hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W F Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4416 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Aashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, v p; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358. Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; P C Harnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, 10910 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 33—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 35—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6339 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Doey, Fin Sec; C Melnerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O Beirne; Knight Commander, John Bodle; V-K't Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet firs Thursday of each month, 8 p m. in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 121 Miller-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dempsey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 357 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elbarn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Keanedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 534 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 267 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Latin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1235 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington. place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st. Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 4d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st. J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr F H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 528 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1065 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 961 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1065 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at Noble and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 347 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 90 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 198 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P C McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos olden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Billindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3801 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 192 S Albany av; F S, Josepn Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rund's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin Meet 3d Friday at 5:00 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trosen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scamill; T, L B Schaegemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2853 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Tues Daily, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meets [illegible] W. [illegible]

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER. MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE. $80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80. OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60. OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80. OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH. WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50. OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2. GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS. HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50. OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 2.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $36, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a

20TH ANNUAL PICNIC

Given Under the Auspices of the

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

ON

Thursday, July 4, 1895,

AT

OSWALD'S GROVE

Fifty-Second and Halsted Streets.

Grand Athletic Tournament.

1. 100 Yards Foot Race for Men, Prize 1 case Excellent Wine. 2. Ladies' Race, 75 yards, Prize, a Splendid Opera Fan. 3. Running Hop, Step and Jump, Prize, pair Pants, made to order. 4. Running Broad Jump, Prize, $5. 5. Foot Ball Place-Kick, confined to the members of the G. A. A., Prize, Silver Cruet Stand. 6. 150 yards Race, confined to the members of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, Prize, pair of Gold Link Cuff Buttons. 7. Throwing 56-lb Weight from hip without follow, Prize, Gold-Headed Cane. 8. Grand Tug-of-War, 8 men aside, between the Innisfails of the West Side and the Sarsfields of the North Side, G. A. A., Prize 1 case Cream Pure Rye Whisky,

SPEAKERS.

HON. P. V. FITZPATRICK, Senator 1st Senatorial District, Chairman.
HON. D. F. CURLEY, Representative 4th Senatorial District.
HON. WILLIAM A. CUNNEA, Hyde Park.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS

Halsted Street Electric Cars Run to the Gate.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price Lists. Correspondence Invited.

TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.

Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.
DENTIST.
122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.
FIFTH FLOOR.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
133--139 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,
Adams Express Building, Chicago.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,
Wholesale Cigars.
Sole Proprietors of
LA CARINA,
Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.
122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,
CHICAGO.

No Cure. No Pay!
DR. KEAN
THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.
ESTABLISHED 1864.
157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO ILL.

5 DAYS
7 Hours, 23 Minutes.
FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.
BY THE OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD MAIL LINE.
The New Twin-Screw Steamships,
"LUCANIA" "CAMPANIA"
620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.
Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.
"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"
520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power,
and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.
TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.
ALL CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.
SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS
by this line, which has been running Over 34 Years and has Never Lost a Passenger.
Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.
FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.
J. G. WHITING, Mgr. N. W. Cor. Clark and Randolph Sts., Chicago.
GRAHAM & SONS, 124 W. Madison St., Chicago.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co,
INSURANCE.
A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago
Telephone 523.

DELANEY & MURPHY,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALERS,
10 & 12 Wabash Av,
CHICAGO
Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines Specialty.

CHICAGO MONON & C H&D
BEST LINE
—TO—
Indianapolis,
Cincinnati,
AND THE South.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
232 Clark St., - Chicago.

THE MONON.. BEST ROUTE
BETWEEN
Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville
AND
THE SOUTH.
Only line to FRENCH LICK and WEST BADEN SPRINGS... 'The Carlsbad of America.
Hotels open the year round.
City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.
W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.
FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

Make your contract with the Clear Coal & Mining Co. for Clear Lump Coal. We will furnish you this coal at $1.90 per ton delivered by wagon and well screened, for the coming year. This is an A1 steam coal. These prices are only good to manufacturers and steam users of coal; trusting all will give it a trial. We are also selling Hard Coal at lowest prices and on liberal terms.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.,
Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE MAIN 3262.
M. E. CLEAR, President.

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY
2349 South Park Avenue.
PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.
AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.
Telephone South 257.

P. H. Heffron.
RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHISKIES
IN BOND OR TAX PAID
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago Ills

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.
MAJESTIC, 582 Feet 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 13 hours, 3 min.
TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 39 min.
GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.
ADRIATIC.
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.
Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
54 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO

AMERICAN LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.
New York — Southampton — London.
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London.
No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.
Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY SATURDAY.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST
BREWING COMPANY'S
BOTTLED BEER.
Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.
CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS
HERMAN PABST, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.
BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.
PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ
Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago.